



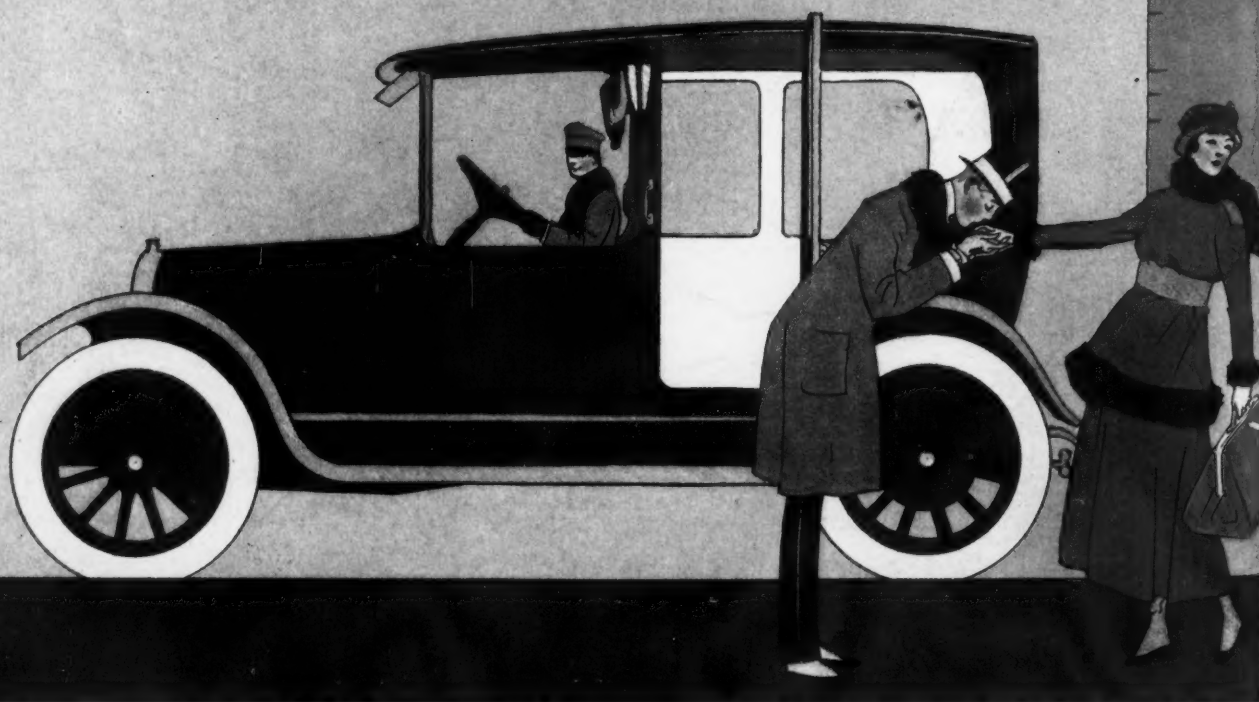
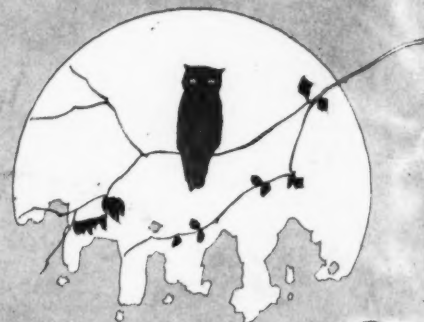
GENTLEMAN JOE

Willys
KNIGHT

SLEEVE-VALVE MOTOR

Limousine
\$1750

MODEL 84-B F.O.B. TOLEDO



THIS is a doubly distinguished car.

It has that smartness of style which pride demands in a limousine.

But it is distinguished not only by its beauty of design and finish:—

It has a motor equipment which gives it a more lasting usefulness.

In proportion to your greater investment in a closed car it should serve you longer.

So our closed cars are equipped with Knight-Type, sliding sleeve-valve motors.

These motors, quieter than others when new, become *more and more* quiet with use.

More powerful and more flexible than others when new, they *increase* in power and flexibility with use.

This betterment with use exactly reverses your experience with any other type of motor.

See this car and test it.

Other Willys-Knight Cars are the Coupe \$1500, the Touring Car \$1125 and the Roadster \$1095—all prices f. o. b. Toledo.

Overland dealers gladly show these cars and demonstrate them.



"Made in U.S.A."

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

all Made
Canada.

COLUMBIA



RECORDS

Double-Disc

THE educational and cultural possibilities of Columbia Records and Columbia Grafonolas make them as indispensable in the home as the country's foremost authorities consider them in the school.

The official adoption of Columbia Grafonolas and Columbia Records by over three hundred New York City schools alone was the logical result of a most exacting series of competitive tests, which *proved* the Columbia unquestionably superior in *tone*. There can be no higher endorsement than this—nor greater recognition of what the Columbia has come to mean in the mental development of the child.

You will realize what it means in pure happiness for your children by having them hear Columbia Records on the Columbia Grafonola at your nearest Columbia dealer's store.

New Columbia Records on sale the 20th of every month

Columbia Graphophone Co.
Woolworth Bldg., New York



Columbia Grafonola 110
Price, \$110



The John Bull Number of Life

In celebration of the two old friends above, Life will issue on Tuesday, January 25th, a John Bull Number. In this number our graceful and distinguished acknowledgments will be made to England for the manner in which she has borne her heavy share of the burden of the war.

Handsome full-color premium picture, "SUNSET," given with each yearly subscription.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

19

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)



Born 1820
—Still going strong.

Portier (reassuringly, referring to the case of "Johnnie Walker"): "IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT BEHIND, SIR."

Traveller (nervously): "MAYBE, BUT I'VE LEFT A CASE OF 'JOHNNIE WALKER' BEHIND, BEFORE!"

Portier: "BUT IT'S MUCH SAFER IN THESE NON-REFILLABLE BOTTLES."

One cannot blame a traveller for being nervous lest his case of "Johnnie Walker" Red Label be left behind, but it is reassuring to know that "Johnnie Walker" is to be had everywhere. The sun never sets on "Johnnie Walker," nor on the particular man who asks for it.

Every drop of "Johnnie Walker" Red Label in a non-refillable bottle is over 10 years old.

GUARANTEED SAME QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Agents : WILLIAMS & HUMBERT, 1158 Broadway, NEW YORK.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.



The New 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers Has Brought 100,000 Discriminating

It is now two months since 600 able merchants bought \$22,000,000 worth of the new 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers car at its unveiling in Detroit.

Over 100,000 people have since flocked to Chalmers salesrooms all over America to see this most talked-of car of the season.

One look lures—makes you feel that here's the car you ought to own.

The great treat of a run in the open country with a foot on the accelerator makes you reach for your check book.

This car will go down in history for its ability—and because it ties up big value and low price.

But most names leap to the dotted line because of the car's great roadability.

It's called the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers because of its wonderful acceleration.

3400 r. p. m. means 3400 revolutions per minute—that's the speed of its engine, the highest ever developed for stock car use in America.

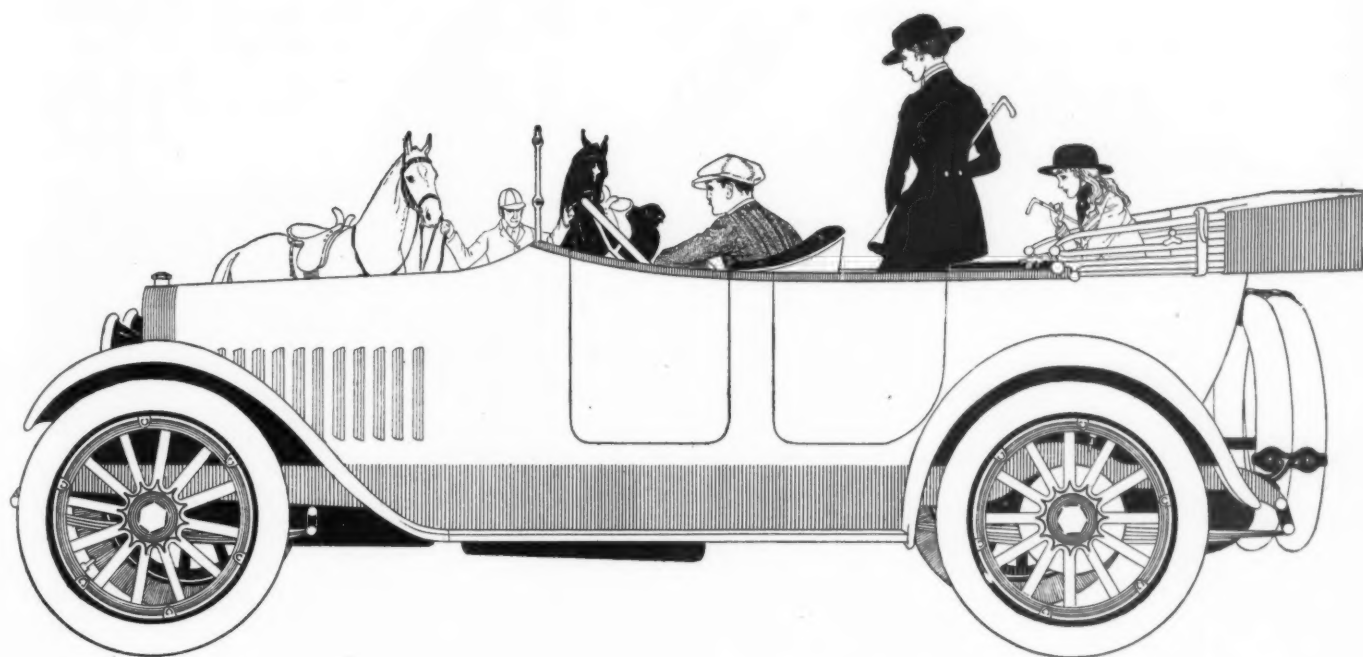
Some cars do 1400. Several 1800. Some attain 2200. One or two turn up 2600. One achieves 3000 r. p. m.

Engine speed means everything. In Europe, where petrol is high in cost and cars are taxed according to horse-power rating, engineers for years have been forced to get more and more power out of smaller and smaller engines.

Hence so many foreign cars have such high-speed engines, and have beaten so many American cars on the race-track.

Building a smaller engine enabled Europe to build a lighter chassis.

Here was the cue for Chalmers engineers.



Car Enthusiasts to the Salesrooms of Chalmers Dealers in 603 Cities

They have built a rather small motor—six cylinders, $3\frac{1}{4}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$ —which achieves 45 horse-power at 2650 r. p. m.

They were able to develop well over 70 horse-power from the same engine—but at the cost of acceleration and fuel economy.

So they stood pat at 45 H. P. They knew this would provide the better car for all-round performance.

Having built an engine which measured up to their desire, they were now able to design a relatively light chassis. Ready for shipping, the whole car weighs only 2660 pounds.

Yet it is as able a car as ever bore the Chalmers name.

This 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers thus gives you what the big brute of a car used to offer, only it provides high power and light weight at low operating cost.

The great thing nowadays in a motor car is acceleration—and

in the new 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers you have the finality of desire in a motor car: a small engine, a light-weight chassis; a light-weight chassis, quick acceleration—the goal of engineers.

Specifications no longer mean much as to motor cars.

You must step on the little button yourself, and speed the engine up—and up—and up. Then you will say that the “last throb” has been removed.

Go to your Chalmers dealer today and try it.

You will find a motor of might in a car of charm.

\$1050 f. o. b. Detroit

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan.

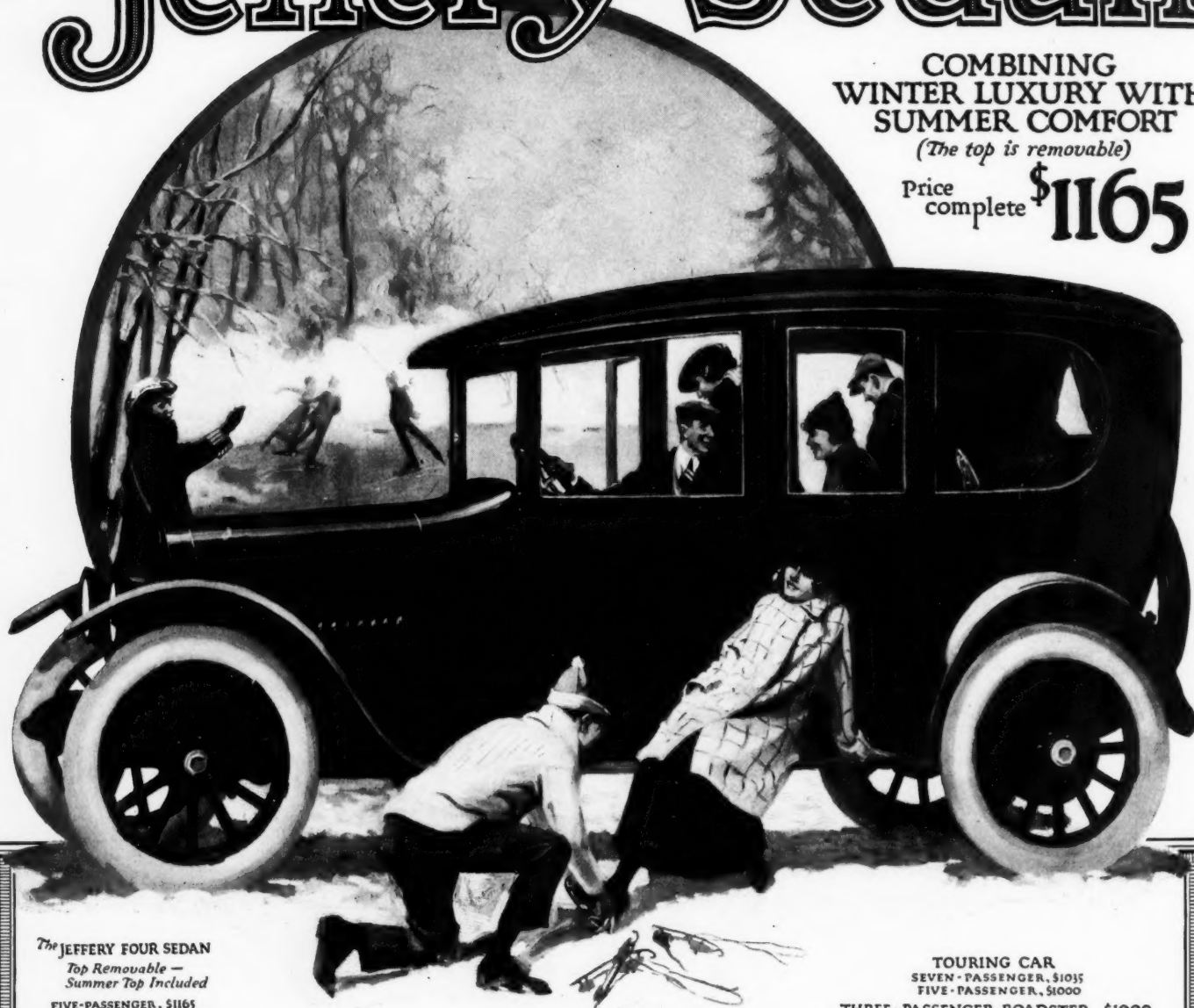


The Jeffery Sedan

COMBINING
WINTER LUXURY WITH
SUMMER COMFORT

(The top is removable)

Price complete **\$1165**



The JEFFERY FOUR SEDAN
Top Removable —
Summer Top Included

FIVE-PASSENGER, \$1165
SEVEN-PASSENGER, \$1200

TOURING CAR
SEVEN-PASSENGER, \$1035
FIVE-PASSENGER, \$1000
THREE-PASSENGER ROADSTER, \$1000

Picture to yourself a handsome, high-grade, beautifully-finished, luxuriously easy-riding enclosed coach—put as much quality into your picture as you can—and you still will not be overestimating the quality and appearance of the Jeffery Four Sedan. Yet the cost of this car complete is extremely moderate — and the Sedan body is easily removed, giving you an open touring car including summer top for pleasant-weather touring.

Divided front seats afford easy access from the front compartment to the tonneau · Windows, extra wide, three-sixteenth inch crystal plate, ground and polished, adjustable for ventilation · Curtains, silk portiere type. Upholstery, grey whipcord—leather optional for seats · Interior illumination from an electric dome light.



Prices, F.O.B. Kenosha, Wisconsin

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company
Main Office and Works · Kenosha, Wisconsin

Illustrated booklet on request





An Ancestor

THIS the verdict I should render
From his picture on the wall;—
I should say that he was slender,
Should aver that he was tall.
And he wore a fancy frock-tail
In a manner that was fine,
Though he never quaffed a cocktail,
This blithe ancestor of mine!

Eyes wherein there lurked elateness,
Merry mouth that loved a jest;
No suggestion of sedateness
In the ruffles on his breast.
He'd a figure most entrancing
To the maidens, I opine;
Buckled shoes well shaped for dancing
Had this ancestor of mine!

Doubtless something of a dandy,
Likewise something of a beau;
Knowing well the *ars amandi*
In the faded long-ago;
Yet for all his careless seeming,
He was given, I divine,
More to deeds than merely dreaming,
This blithe ancestor of mine!

For to be the mould of fashion
May not, soothly, mar a man;
And in days of stress and passion
He was plain American.
To the land he loved the most, to
This he pledged his blood as wine,
So I drink a silent toast to
This blithe ancestor of mine!

Clinton Scollard.

May-Happenings in 1916

THIS little 1916 is the anything-may-happenest year that ever began. This year the war may end: probably will; this year Henry Ford may stop it: probably won't. General Joffre may stop it! Excellent man!

This year we may get into it ourselves. Not at all unlikely! And if we do, we shall find out about a lot of things, whether they really have contents or have been filled with hot supposition. Do the Germans, as some papers have said, own one of the Bridgeport munition factories? If so, what have they been doing with its output? Could an armed force of Germans already recruited here and secretly organized, capture New York? Are we sitting on a ready-made German-filled volcano? Is a German spy furnace-tender in the White House? In Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut,



New Jersey and New York three out of every five people are either foreign born or children of foreign-born parents. We who live in these States do not need to be in Europe. Europe is in us. How will our local Europe behave if we get into the war? Of course, it isn't disproportionately German, but when the people of the States that are the chief arsenal and purse of the country are so recently European, getting involved in a European war becomes additionally speculative.

If we get on as far as June in 1916 without serious accident there will be nominating conventions in St. Louis and Chicago, if those cities are still in fair repair at that time, and the means of transportation to them are still available. And in November we shall elect a President, if we are not too busy. But as to that, it is as with everything else that is booked for 1916,—we can't tell. We know a lot is booked; that's all.



French Contempts

I have seen the cross section of a shoe "Made in U. S. A." of which 80,000 pairs had been ordered, the main deck of which was brown paper. When an entire people, men, women, and children, are fighting for their national existence and their individual home and life, to have such evidences of Yankee smartness foisted upon them does not make for friendship. It inspires contempt.

—R. H. Davis in the Times.

IF Colonel Davis could have supplied the name of the American concern that supplied shoes with brown-paper soles to the French government it might have helped matters. To tell us that the French despise us, and think of us as cheats, is not so very helpful in making us useful to the French. In all wars in all countries there are contractors who cheat if they can, and scoundrels have no nationality. But all the stories do not run one way. An American concern that had a clothing factory in Canada took a British war order. The British inspector came along and said: "Cut these clothes smaller. I will pass them. That will be so many thousand dollars in extra profit—half for you and half for me." The inspector never knew why he lost his job next day, but the contractor knew, and so did the head of the purchasing office in Toronto or Montreal.

French contempt for us, as Mr. Davis accounts for it, is not well founded. He traces it to Mr. Wilson's letter calling on Americans to be neutral, to our "failure to demand satisfaction for the lives lost by the Lusitania and by the unfortunate announcement that we were 'too proud to fight.'" For contempt based on these grounds there is no remedy except patience. It was right to warn us to be neutral; we *have* demanded satisfaction for the Lusitania (though Mr. Davis seems not to know it), and Mr. Wilson's not-very-much-to-be-admired remark about our being too proud to fight was made (if we remember right) in connection with Mexico and not with Europe. The French have wanted us in the war, and if they despise us for staying out so long, it is a pity, but not a sufficient reason for

our going in. When we go in, it will be on other grounds. A man can push into a fight to oblige a friend, but for a nation to push into a war is a much more serious matter, and requires better reasons and longer incubation.

The Belgians think better of us than we deserve for what we have done for Belgium. The French think worse of us than we deserve because we have not yet met their expectations. It is the business of men like Mr. Davis, Mr. Bacon and the other Franco-Americans to know that the French attitude toward us is wrong and try to change it. But not one of them defends us. They are all carried away by sympathy for France, and seem ready to rotten-egg their own government. That is not a useful attitude towards the United States, nor yet to France. Far from it; far from it!

Parents' Helpful Column

TO an average father: How to try to get one of your daughters to do her duty, when to do her duty is to do something disagreeable.

First: Carefully conceal from the girl's mother what you are trying to do.

Second: Make the daughter a preliminary present, which will put you on fairly good terms with her. Let her select the present herself, however; otherwise you may have it on your hands as something she considers highly undesirable.

Third: Suggest to her that the thing which you wish her to do is likely to be done by a lot of people soon and may become a fad. This may arouse her curiosity.

Fourth: Frankly bribe her to do it with an offer of money. This sometimes succeeds. Her argument against doing it, however, would be that her mother gives her all the money she wants, anyway.

Fifth: Do not tell her that you are her father and that, therefore, she ought to obey you, because she will report this to her mother with a lot of sob stuff, and you will wish you had never been born.

Sixth: After asking her to do the thing for a couple of days, do it yourself. Then you will hear her say: "Poor papa! He asked me to do something which he wouldn't give me time to do. After all, he has only himself to blame."



"PARDON ME! IS THIS SEAT ENGAGED?"



STILL SOME WORK FOR THE STREET-CLEANING DEPARTMENT

Reported Birth-bed Utterances

AESOP: After all, I don't believe George Ade will have anything on me.

GALILEO: I shudder when I think to what base uses my telescope will come; think of me being the progenitor of the periscope!

VIRGIL: I shall be the only man in the world who, ages after he is dead, will continue to be misunderstood—and misconstrued.

ULYSSES: It's a great pity these sirens can't be "movie" actresses. Then I wouldn't be able to hear a word they are going to say.

Touch and Go

IT has been announced to Massachusetts that Mrs. Inez Haynes Gilmore has decided to leave that State and move to California, where she can vote.

Too bad! It will be not only a great mortification and loss to Massachusetts, but a mistake on Mrs. Gilmore's part. The reaction on suffrage will hit California before it hits Massachusetts, and send her back home in sorrow and at vain expense.

Nevertheless, if Mrs. Gilmore wants to catch woman suffrage somewhere while it lasts, there is something to be said for that.

Weird Prospect for Germany

GEORGE VON SKAL and other persons, presumably authorized, warn us that after the war there will be a long procession of German-Americans to the Fatherland, there to remain.

George says the Hyphens are disgusted with this country and mean to quit it the first chance.

Happy day when we become once more American and Germany has an American-German problem on her hands!

All the same, they won't go.

Pedigreed Babies: A New Departure



THE process by which Nature breaks away from an old routine and establishes a new one, is always interesting. "Pedigreed babies" is the latest example. To Mrs. Finley Shepard, a daughter of Jay Gould, belongs the honor of starting the new idea. She was, so to speak, the humble instrument of an all-ruling Providence in permitting American women to foster a new fad. Mrs. Shepard adopted a

can woman to foster a new fad. Mrs. Shepard adopted a baby.

Babies, of course, have always been sporadically adopted the world over by occasional women. But American women are not built in this manner. When they go in for a thing, their hysterical enthusiasm excites the admiration of mankind. According to all the news reports, they are now going in for babies.

Up to the present time, babyless women have adopted dogs for companions, and the dog industry has flourished like a green bay tree, columns of dog advertisements appearing regularly in society papers testifying that the instinct of motherhood may be expressed in terms of Pekinese, Chow or Airedale. In spite of bridge and the fox trot, in spite of motor tours, dilettante golf, halfway houses, and eternal gossip, the primal instinct is to pet something. The will to croon among women is fundamental.

The idea that babies are much better than dogs for this purpose does not seem to have occurred to a majority of women, however, until Mrs. Shepard led the way. Now it is rapidly becoming a well-established industry. Doubtless we shall soon see baby kennel advertisements not unlike this:

Two fine specimens, genuine American ancestors, weight net fourteen pounds, together or separately. Fine dispositions, light hair, blue eyes, and tonsils removed. We ship to all post-office stations. Deposit required.

Thomas L. Masson.

Progress

"WELL, in view of the Ancona and a few other trifling insults, are you glad, or not, now that we are 'too proud to fight'?"

"Pooh! We've got 'way beyond that. Now we are too proud to care whether we are licked or not."

Fair Game

THIS is the open season for Peace. Anyone may have a shot at her, and no questions asked. No license is required. Bang at her. She is full of holes already.

WILLIE WILLIS: What is a "condemned building," pa?
PAPA WILLIS: A building in which the owners employ twice as many girls as the law allows, in order to get as much work as possible done before it burns.



"COME OUT O' THAT. YOU CAN'T SWIM IN THERE."
"I KNOW I CAN'T. THAT'S WHY I'M YELLING FOR HELP."



HORSE POWER
40 AGAINST 4



LIFE'S SHORT STORY CONTEST



The contest closed on October 4th. So many thousands of manuscripts have been received, each one necessitating a careful reading, that our friends are invited to exercise all due patience. We shall continue to publish the stories accepted each week in this department until all the manuscripts have been passed upon; and as soon thereafter as possible the prizes will be awarded.

A Sophistry of Art

By Eugene Smith

ON the station platform in Quanah, one morning, I stopped "waiting for the train" for a moment to watch a man and woman painting on a large sign-board across the way. The inevitable wisecrack in the little group of traveling men explained that they were really talented artists, a man and wife.

The husband had contracted—er—a throat affection in their studio back East, and physicians had ordered him to the open air and high, dry altitude of West Texas. So they had come, and were earning expenses, making a series of paintings on sign-boards, advertisements of a lumber corporation, throughout the Panhandle country.

I walked out across the tracks near where the slightly stooped husband, in overalls, and his little wife, looking very attractive in her neat apron and sun-bonnet, were at work.

There was a pathos about the thing that went straight to my heart. The loyal little woman and the stricken husband there in the clear, crisp morning air and sunshine, earnestly striving, undismayed. Something—a common sympathy—thrilled me.

And now the painting seemed artistic. The general idea was a lovely cottage home (built, of course, with Oakley's lumber, as was intimated). But the cottage was not glaringly new—rather mellowed a bit with time, it seemed, and was the more homelike for it.

In the front stood a sweet little woman, looking down a winding road, and in the expression on her face, painted by the real little woman, was joyous hope—almost certainty—of seeing the husband coming from down the road to her, and home, after his day's work.

The colors of sunset added to the beauty of the conception, which altogether made desirable having such a little wife to wait for one each evening at such a little cottage home. And that was the purpose of it; when you thought

of home-building you also thought of Oakley's lumber.

The painters were happy in their work—happy as two birds building a nest. The wife, seated on her little stepladder, with palette and brushes, was deftly pointing up the vines about the windows, as all good wives should. She hummed something of a tune, now and then looking gaily down at him, who laughed back up at her from his work on the winding road and distant trees.

A courteous inquiry and my being an Easterner, were passports into their confidences. "We only paint a little while in the cool of the morning and afternoon of each day," he was saying to my remarks on the weather. "It's dangerous to lay on much paint at a time," he continued, "for the sand ruins it."

"Oh, if it wasn't for the sand storms!" she chimed in. "But we love the country, and the folks, too: they seem so much a part of the out-of-doors, you know. Though we hope—we expect—to go back home before long." She was looking fondly down at him.

"I had a little trouble with my throat," he explained, depreciatively. "But this western air has just about put me in the running again. It's wonderful." I could see the thankfulness in his eyes, as he smiled up at his companion. I didn't blame him for loving life.

In the smoking-car of the belated train, we traveling men discussed the case of the painters.

"It's only his throat that bothers him a bit," I denied with some heat. "Besides, he is nearly recovered, and looks it."

"Yes, I know; that's characteristic. It's what they all say when they begin to perk up in a change of climate," persisted the Pessimist in the crowd. "But the average is one hundred to one against them. I've seen too many lungers out here in this country."

Damn a pessimist with his statistics, anyhow!

Several months later I made another trip through the Texas Panhandle country, and at each town going up from Quanah towards Amarillo I saw one of the Oakley lumber advertisements, prominently displayed on large bill-boards. They were all the same, like the first one; that is, if your glance was but a passing one. But to me, who had grown interested in art and things artistic, there was a difference in the paintings. Yes, a difference! I wasn't so sure at first. "It's just imagination," I pooh-poohed the idea. But later on—

Anyhow, I soon found myself going directly from the station, on each arrival, to look up the Oakley bill-board. It was never hard to find. Somehow, I just got to wondering—worrying—about the welfare of the young husband, the artist, I had met.

In the first few of the paintings I found portrayed all the life and glad hope and expectancy that I had seen some time before in the one at Quanah.

Then came the inevitable. Strange as it was, I knew that I had been expecting—dreading—it; though rather in the gossip around the hotels than in the pictures themselves, where I really found it. That was the only surprise.

I remember, in Clarendon—the first town after you get up on the Cap-rock of the Staked Plains—there I saw—or imagined—it first. One is ever instinctively wary of eyesight in that land of mirages.

And in each succeeding village and town as I traveled westward and upward, I felt it—saw it—there on the bill-boards, as if painted in half-unconsciously by the artist: a faint trace of querulous doubt in the face of the little, waiting wife, a spirit of melancholia lying dull in the picture.

As I was getting out of Goodnight one afternoon—a little ahead of time—in the automobile that daily makes the round-trip to Claude, we drove past the Oakley sign-board. I was in a hurry to get on to Claude to see the trade before night, and be ready to leave for Amarillo the next morning. But, forgetting all this at the sight of the picture on the bill-board, I asked the chauffeur to stop a minute before it.

She was still smiling, the little wife



"ARE YOU SURE THESE PAJAMAS ARE FAST COLORS?"
 "FOR ALL PRACTICAL PURPOSES, YES, SIR. OF COURSE, IF YOU SHOULD WALK DOWN FIFTH AVENUE IN THEM IN HOT SUNSHINE THEY MIGHT FADE A LITTLE."

waiting there in front of their home for her husband's return, but the smile was hollow and lifeless. I knew—could see—she was full of uneasiness and dread, and was only smiling to keep up her courage.

"That's quite a lumber advertisement there," I ventured. The chauffeur was drinking water from the canvas canteen.

"Uh-huh!" he gulped. "I seen 'em painting it."

"A man and woman?"

"Well, yes; but the woman did most of it. I saw her there every day for some time. Once in a while the man—her husband, I guess—would be tryin' to help paint, but he was all in. You could tell it, the way he looked."

I winced at his words. So here it was, confirmed, what I had been hoping was only imagination. Confound that Pessimist!

"They must have painted a good many of these signs; I see them everywhere," I continued, in a disinterested manner.

"There's another'n over at Claude," yawned the chauffeur. "I think I remember hauling them people over in the car."

"Over to Claude?"

"Yes!—I fergit. I never pay much attention to the folks I haul," he remarked casually, eyeing me in a bored way.

Then we drove on.

A day later I arrived in Amarillo from Claude; glad, for it was my trip's end. I started walking up town from the station to stretch my legs, besides—well, there across the street, on a vacant lot, was the Oakley bill-board, and the picture. The late afternoon sunlight fell full across it.

I looked at the woman in the picture, whom I had come to know for the real little wife, the artist, painting from her heart. She stood smiling, but behind the smile I read doubt and dread realized, and hope—almost—dying hard. For the smile was but a poor attempt, and the

joyous expectancy I saw shining in her eyes months before at Quanah was not there now. There was a subtle air of unmistakable despair about her. Her very frailty and dependency and loyal effort to keep her smile, wrung from me a quick sympathy.

I turned back to the drab routine of life sadly, and, picking up my grips, saw the Pessimist standing on the sidewalk with his detestable knowing look. There behind him came the Wiseacre. It was one of those little coincidences of a drummer's life which so often find the same parties together again.

"I was just looking at another one of the pictures—the last one, I guess," I said, suddenly feeling unashamed of my concern and sadness.

"Last one!" exclaimed the Wiseacre, full of ready information. "Why, man! That's their *first* one. Here's where they began last year. I saw them in St. Paul three weeks ago, happy as wrens."

In a Garden

By Catherine Runscorn

DICK HALCOMB stood waiting on the shady station platform. A little groom appeared, suddenly and breathlessly.

"Sorry to be late, sir," he gasped. "Mrs. Paige and Miss Laura have gone to Mrs. Vingut's garden party, and left word for you to join them."

"Damn!" muttered Halcomb. He had had a hard day in the city, and felt quite unequal to dragging himself about, wilted and irritated, any longer. Really, he considered, settling back into the motor, he was getting pretty fed up with this insatiable lust of Laura's. He wondered whether, when they were married and she was away from her mother, he would be able to instil in her a more normal enjoyment of her pleasures. He thought, vaguely, of not going after all—of awaiting them at the house. But a vision rose before him of Laura all evening wrapped in her delicate fury of aloofness, something too inhumanly polite to be called sulking, but of shattering import to nerves on edge—and he decided grimly that he was too hot, too tired. In the last analysis it was less trouble to go to the garden party.

By this time they were humming smoothly up to the Vingut's gates. The breeze had cooled the heat of his brow, but his thoughts were growing only more feverish with the passing moments.

He halted the chauffeur suddenly: "Let me out here, Lane. I'll walk up to the house—I need exercise."

It was pleasant to stroll along the driveway, to stretch his cramped limbs, and absorb at leisure the careful beauties of the land about him. The lonely graciousness of tall poplar trees, the low-flowering crimson of rhododendrons ministered gratefully to his troubled soul. New satisfaction filled him as he discovered no people in sight. They must be the other side of the house, on the terrace, he thought, restfully. And then, suddenly, he stopped short, staring.

Just ahead, in a clearing, was an old Italian fountain, gray stone, carved and mellowed by the centuries, water plashing musically into its basin. Sitting on the edge was a tall young girl, the adolescent grace of her body showing clear and white through the classic scantness of her shell-pink draperies. Diana herself she might have been, nymph-robed and formed, her chestnut hair bound about by a silver fillet, her

long, white legs, uncovered, dangling in the water. He felt a wild certainty that if he spoke she would melt away into the spray of the fountain. And then she turned her head and saw him.

"You are late," she said, in a very clear, low voice that merged into the splashing water.

"Yes—I am late," he stammered. "I wonder . . . who you are?"

She stared into his eyes with the deep, unconscious gravity of a child.

"I am Athena," she answered, simply.

"Athena!" he gasped. "Good heavens! Then you are a goddess—or a nymph!"

She laughed—and her laughter sounded in his ear more like the fountain than the fountain itself.

"Oh, no," she reassured him. "We all have Greek names, because they are more beautiful."

"We all!" . . . Good Lord, child, who are you?"

"Why—I am Athena—one of the Morris Dancers. We came to do our Spring Dance for the party."

How absurdly simple, he thought. And yet, how insufficiently it explained the wonder of her.

"Why are you here—alone?" he went on. He could do nothing but question her. He had to get to the bottom of her, somehow.

"We're through dancing—and the people tired me."

He sat down on the edge of the fountain, and she moved up beside him, touch-

ing him, a divine friendliness in her deep blue eyes.

"How did they tire you—child?" he asked her, gently.

"They are all so artificial—and so conscious. We are taught how terrible this consciousness of self and sex is. Hellena Morris teaches us that woman is only really beautiful, really strong, when she is quite unconscious and unstudied."

He eyed the grave little lecturer, amusedly.

"Do you understand all that—Athena?" he ventured.

"Why, yes," she said. "We are all very intelligent. It's the wholesome life we lead and the perfection of our bodies."

He threw back his head and laughed.

"I like you when you laugh," she told him, suddenly. "I like you to throw your head back, and the kind little crinkles round your eyes. When you are not laughing you look so tired."

"I am tired," he admitted; "tired and disillusioned most of the time. Perhaps it's my unwholesome life and imperfect body—"

He watched her, glowing with unreasoning pleasure at her laugh.

"Humor, too!" he cried. "Child, you are wonderful! Tell me about yourself . . . everything! I must know the magic that evolved such perfection."

"Give me your hand," she said. "There! . . . Now you can understand me better."

"There isn't much to tell. I am seventeen, and have lived with Hellena since I was eight. There are twenty of us. She teaches us . . . wonderful things. Not hideous 'accomplishments,' but *real* things that will help us—Greek and Latin, and the care of our bodies, and the worship of beauty. We all dance, and sing, and play, . . . and we paint, and write verse, and translate the classics, and read to each other. And we are very strong and hardy, because of our simple lives. . . . We can beat men at their own games, although we are so slight. We wear few clothes—nothing to restrain or disfigure us. And when we dance we don't learn special steps; we express in ourselves whatever we are dancing—Sorrow, or Love, or Spring. See, I will do you part of our Spring Dance."

She drew her white, dripping legs from the fountain, and danced before him—a thing so light and delicate, so altogether lovely, that his distrust of her humanity returned to him, unbearably.



ILLUSTRATED MENU
"CALVES' BRAINS AND CHICKEN"

(Continued on page 39)



THE LIFE OF ATTLA THE SECOND. CHAPTER I
ANCESTRAL TRAITS CROP OUT IN THE NURSERY

Evidences of Civilization

Unmerited attention has been given in this country to the violent utterances of Heinz Potthof, the German who lately proposed to compel the Allies to sue for peace by starving not only the prisoners of war held in Germany, but the population of the occupied territories. Unquestionably, if the war should become one of exhaustion, there would be terrible times for the unhappy people in the occupied territories. But that a civilized power should use their sufferings to extort peace from its adversaries is not thinkable.

—Springfield Republican.

BLESS you! Was what the Germans did in Belgium "thinkable"? Was what was done to the Servians thinkable? Was what was done to the Armenians thinkable?

Do you consider Germany a civilized power?

Do you consider Prussianization a form of civilization?

"Civilized power"! Tut, tut; your tongue, neighbor, must be in your cheek.

Useless

A FRENCH statistician who for some reason has escaped the rigors of war has been estimating the waste in letters written by correspondents in newspapers. He says that over fifteen million dollars are annually squandered in England and over four millions in France by printing useless letters in the papers.

In spite of this interesting fact, however, we firmly believe that people will still continue to write letters to the papers, just as editors write editorials, and authors write books.

If They Told the Truth

"ARE you quite comfortable in that chair?"

"No!"

"Do you know, it's a fact that I have never been seasick in my life—except constantly when I am on the water?"

"Yes, doctor, I do smoke, but not more than thirty or forty cigars a day."

"My darling, I love you more than anyone else in the world—just for to-night, and possibly excepting myself."

Waiter: "It doesn't make any difference what whiskey you ask for, sir, it all comes from the same barrel."

· LIFE ·
A Review



STEFANSSON MAKES A DISCOVERY

"THAT GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE,
 BY THE PEOPLE,
 FOR THE PEOPLE,
 SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH"



MIGHTY POOR NOURISHMENT.



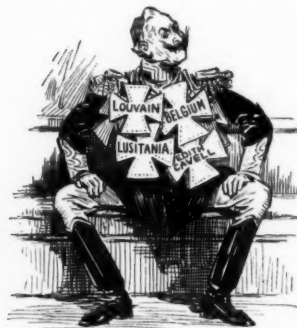
1861

50TH ANNIVERSARY OF LINCOLN'S DEATH.

1915



SOME GERMAN BOTTLED GOODS



AWARDS OF MERIT



BOTH:— STAB HIM AND BE NEUTRAL.



THE STOCK EXCHANGE RE-OPENS

of 1915



THE KAISER VISITS THE FIELD OF WATERLOO



THE SPIDER AND THE FLIES



THE HEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD



THE HYPHENATED TERROR



UNCLE SAM - COME ALONG! I RECKON TH' CLOTHES YE HAVE ON 'LL HAVE T' DO YE FOR A WHILE

The Rise of the B. P.

THE man who invented blood pressure, like the man who invented the mouse-trap, probably little knew what a great industry he was creating. The mechanism of the mouse-trap, together with its tragic results, are apparent to any one who has eyes. The mechanism of blood pressure is alike apparent, but its tragedy lies among those medical abstractions which, to the lay mind, are shrouded in impenetrable mystery. Yesterday nobody had a blood pressure; to-day everybody has one. Man is a walking measure of sanguinary fate, a rival of the barometer and the thermometer.

The real advantage in knowing what one's blood pressure is, lies in the fact that it gives one a new thrill of terror—and that is always a valuable medical asset. To have the doctor forcibly remove your clothes, pound you with a hammer, sound you with a stethoscope and scrape you with a set of assorted silver carving knives comes, in time, to be an old story. Veteran soldiers get used to the cannon's roar and the everlasting whistle of bullets; so veteran patients face death in almost any form in a doctor's office; but when you are told, in a hollow, sepulchral voice, that though outwardly you are a handsome man with every appearance of health, your blood pressure is over 180 and may go to 200 before the exchange closes, you want to go out and die early before it gets any worse. With a blood pressure of 160 there are only about ten fatal diseases; as your blood pressure goes up, however, the number of fatal diseases increases permutatively. When it is 180 you may have, say, 150 fatal diseases, and not have known it. Think



THE RECENTLY INCARCERATED GOLF BUG SUFFERS A BRIEF LAPSE OF MEMORY



THE WHEEL OF MISS FORTUNE

of that! Any healthy man may have all those fatal diseases and live to a ripe old age and never know it, if it were not for his blood pressure. Great is the art of medical inventiveness!

T. L. M.

Persistent

"BE sure and get the right tooth, doctor."

"Don't worry. I'll get it if I have to pull out every tooth in your head."



"THAT WILL PLEASE HIM"



JANUARY 6, 1916

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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WE should not take it too hard that Europe is not pleased with us.

Colonel Harvey would have Dr. Wilson go abroad instead of Colonel House to learn what the European atmosphere is, but that would not help matters. This country may not properly regulate its behavior by European feelings in war-time. In war-time men think and feel not so much according to the facts as according to their breed. Individual Americans think and feel about the war according to their breed—English, Irish, German, whatever it is; but the policy of our government should be American. If it is soundly American that is all we have a right to ask.

But will that satisfy anybody in times like these?

Bless you, no! That is, hardly anybody. A few America-first Americans will like it insofar as they think it sound, or find a profit in it, but most of us have come long since to be hyphens for the purposes of this war—Ally- or Teuton-Americans—and are ready, all of us, to denounce the administration if it does not lean hard enough our way.

Probably that is the most serious cause of the decline in President Wilson's popularity. So far as the war in Europe was concerned he has followed, according to his lights, the course that looked to him best and most proper for the United States. Accordingly the Ally-Americans and the German-Americans are all down on him, and Europe

regards him as a considerable failure as a public man.

Perhaps he is, but, if so, he has lots of company, for Europe has not yet produced, since the war began, a public man who is conceded to be a success. The feet of once-distinguished public men protrude from the ashcans of all the chancelleries of Europe. Sir Edward Grey still holds down his job, but the effort to oust Mr. Asquith is just now more than usually active. All the Ally-nations and Greece and Austria and Turkey and most of the neutrals have swapped ministers, and even we have sustained the loss of Mr. Bryan. Like as not we would have tipped Mr. Wilson out before this if it had been possible to do it without a revolution, but as it is we shall have him, certainly, for another fourteen months.

What we shall think of him a year from next March, heaven knows, but it is entirely possible that his policy of watchful waiting—if he sticks to it—will be a good deal more popular than it is now.

Very able and respected men insist that our country, since the war began, has lost the opportunity of many lifetimes to do an enormous service to the world. Other persons of fair intelligence hold that there was nothing much that we could do and that Mr. Wilson has done it and thereby earned our gratitude. Both of these views will find full expression next June and from then until November, events, meanwhile, marching rapidly, no doubt, and shedding light day by day on the discussion.

It is all a blind business, terrible and beyond human control. "No man," says the *Evening Sun*, "may venture to make phrases or open his mouth in parley between such spiritual forces in mortal combat. The only intermediary is a greater spiritual force which will speak in Its own time."



HENRY FORD, it seems, took sick, and, yielding to the instinct of self-preservation, cut loose from his pilgrim band and hopes to rearrive in Detroit about the same time as this number of LIFE. He left means of gratuitous transportation for all the pilgrims in case they should conclude to return. It seems they squabbled a good deal going over, and he will, doubtless, be just as happy on his way back without their companionship.

As a subject of discourse in the newspapers, Henry's expedition was very successful indeed. Its chief effect upon the prevailing hostilities seems to have been a partial diversion of attention from them to the rival acrimony aboard the Oscar II. Undoubtedly Henry contributed an episode to the war. And probably he found it instructive. No one could try so hard as he tried and suffer as much as he probably suffered and not learn something worth while. Perhaps he knows what he learned and will tell us; perhaps not. Some of the deepest lessons of experience never find expression in speech.



WHILE Henry was homeward bound The Skipper of our Ark opened the window and let out Colonel House. The Colonel circled high above the inquisitive reporters and sailed eastward on a Dutch steamer without giving inquirers any high degree of satisfaction as to the nature of his quest.



"IF THESE NAUGHTY MEN KEEP SINKING MY SHIPS AND BLOWING UP BUILDINGS I DECLARE I'LL JUST GO AND WRITE THEM ANOTHER LETTER. SO THERE, NOW!"

Often, however, we may profitably search the Scriptures for light on obscure proceedings in contemporary times. It will be recalled that when the Ark had grounded, Noah first sent forth a raven which foraged back and forth; then, later, a dove, which found no rest for the sole of her foot and came home to him and was taken in; then, later, the dove again, which came in in the evening and brought him in her mouth "an olive leaf plucked off," and presently the dove again "which returned not again to him any more." Obviously, now, to the interpreting intelligence, Colonel Harvey is the raven coming back to roost on our rooftop; Henry Ford is the dove whose

foot found no resting place, and of Colonel House we may prayerfully hope that he will bring back, this time, a sprig of olive, and that when he goes again it may be to a habitable Europe.

Every attentive person who goes to Europe nowadays goes looking, above all things, for peace. Colonel House is attentive, and whatever else his duties are, no doubt he will look for peace. And no one is likelier than he to find the signs of it if there are any. But it is as the *Evening Sun* says: "The only intermediary is a spiritual force which will speak in Its own time. When that spiritual force is exerted, the world will know; until it is, the war will go on in blind desperation."

That sounds nearer true than to say the war will end when Germany is beaten to a stand-still. Germany seems sufficiently beaten already to want peace, and if the Allies conclude that they also want it, it may be that, even now, it can be arranged to their satisfaction. It is more important that the hearts of Europe should be made over than that the map should be completely changed. Whenever the Great Discipline has accomplished its spiritual purpose peace may come.



THIS is the time for armament talk; how much, what kind, what cost, and how to get the money. However regenerate or however crippled Europe may be after the war, she is not likely to continue long in a condition that will relieve us of the obligation to maintain a strong navy and very much more extensive and reliable military forces than we have at present. If a co-operative arrangement for the protection of the world follows the war, our navy will doubtless be part of the police force to which the work will be entrusted, and it will have to be strong enough to do its share. If no such arrangement ensues it will have to be still stronger. Either way we shall need more navy.

As to the army, there is a surprising sentiment for universal military training of moderate extent, to give the country a reasonably competent reserve force, and abate the scare that we have no adequate means of repelling an invasion. Compulsory military training for all our young men is so novel an idea that it seems quite unreal. Nevertheless, it is thoroughly democratic, and it would be valuable as a discipline, and as a means of welding our people together, as well as for merely military purposes.

Congress must be all but bewildered at the idea of proposing to the American people plans so completely foreign to their habits, and expenditures that they will be so reluctant to incur. We are sorry for Congress. It has got a big, hard job on its hands.





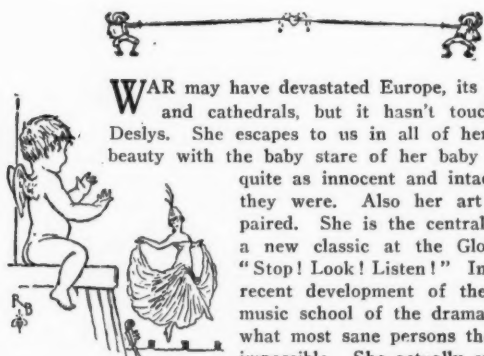
Present Plight of the European Débutante



Slightly an Over-Dose of Girls and Music

LIFE believes in fairies every time Maude Adams as *Peter Pan* asks him to, so as to save poor *Tinker Bell* from imminent death. And LIFE expects to reiterate that belief every year at Christmastide when *Peter* comes to New York to make the acquaintance of the annual new crop of beginning theatregoers and renew the joy of the older children, grown-up and partly grown-up, who have known before the boy who refuses to grow up. Borrowing children as an excuse to go to see "*Peter Pan*" ought to become as general a practice with adults as doing the same thing for the sake of going to the circus. And the children are likely to enjoy the borrowing quite as much in the one case as the other.

LIFE also has enough affection for the play and performance to voice the belief that the management should celebrate the tenth birthday of "*Peter*" by buying him a new suit of scenery to replace the present worn-out one.



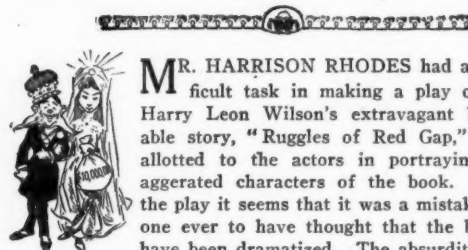
WAR may have devastated Europe, its landmarks and cathedrals, but it hasn't touched Gaby Deslys. She escapes to us in all of her infantile beauty with the baby stare of her baby blue eyes quite as innocent and intact as ever they were. Also her art is unimpaired. She is the central figure of a new classic at the Globe, called "*Stop! Look! Listen!*" In this most recent development of the girl-and-music school of the drama she does what most sane persons thought was impossible. She actually exaggerates

the present fashions in feminine headgear. This exaggeration isn't particularly humorous or picturesque, but may have some kind of a value from the point of view of the girl-and-music enthusiast.

"*Stop! Look! Listen!*" will probably exert no serious influence on the forthcoming memorials of Shakespeare to be observed in April. It has no such purpose. It is simply a very glittering show intended to amuse that frothy part of the public which finds its pleasure in seeing and hearing without thinking. This it does in apparently acceptable fashion. Its songs and dances follow one another in rapid succession and with a promptness and smoothness that show expert stage management. The music is rag-timy enough to please President Wilson, who is recorded as preferring syncopation, and in the essential detail of young persons of the chorus there is nothing lacking in number, good looks and gorgeousness or scantiness of apparel.

The new piece at the Globe seems very likely to please just

the kind of theatregoers it was intended for. That means, briefly, that it is a very good girl-and-music show.

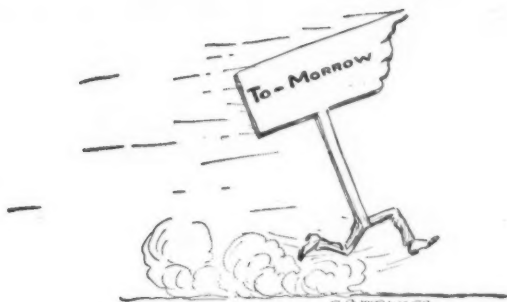


MR. HARRISON RHODES had a more difficult task in making a play out of Mr. Harry Leon Wilson's extravagant but laughable story, "*Ruggles of Red Gap*," than was allotted to the actors in portraying the exaggerated characters of the book. In seeing the play it seems that it was a mistake for anyone ever to have thought that the book could have been dramatized. The absurdities in person and occurrence that Mr. Wilson put into type made amusing reading because the reader's imagination followed the writer into perhaps possible but entirely improbable situations. His people were real to the reader, and, with the belief that we yield to the story-teller, could be accepted in their various adventures. To reduce them to flesh and blood on the stage and present them as doing the things the book described made too much of an exertion for the imagination of the theatregoer, who takes his stage people and stage happenings just as they are shown to him. In reading a book we are inclined to help the author along when he slips; there is no such charity for what we see and hear on the stage.

MR. HERZ gives an admirable reproduction of the *Ruggles* of the book, but the servile character of an English manservant is not a commanding one for the stage, and its fidelity to fact, as portrayed by Mr. Herz, makes it only slightly



ARMY TERM
OFFICER'S MESS



IT CAN'T BE DONE

humorous. If he had broadened it for humorous effect it wouldn't have been true, and its truth made the part ineffective. Outside of Mr. Frederick Burton's *Cousin Egbert* and Mr. George Hassell's *The Honorable George*, there were few impersonations in the large cast that approached even nearly to the original author's creations.

The ambition to turn a best seller into a play is a dangerous one. It means the selection of the right kind of a best seller for dramatic purposes, its adaptation for the stage by a dramatist who can crawl into the inner consciousness of the book and an entire company fitted in every case to the portrayal of its characters. This is a large order which was not filled in the case of "Ruggles of Red Gap."



"KATINKA" is another of the many musical pieces written and presented to supply what theatrical producers evidently think is an insatiable public demand for amusement that depends altogether on the senses. It is entirely conventional in its school, very like hundreds of others that have preceded it,—and just as devoid of originality as ninety-nine per cent. of the rest of them. It is tuneful, most of them are, and has the usual, perhaps more than usual, quantity of plot. It is, of course, handsomely staged, as all musical pieces have to be, and has the usual supply of singing principals, smiling and shapely young chorus women, in this case better singers than usual, and paired off with the usual supply of innocuous chorus young men. "Katinka" is very good of its kind, but

does not protrude conspicuously into the circumambient atmosphere.



MR. HENRY FORD, if he really wanted to get "the boys out of the trenches by Christmas," didn't pick his traveling company right. With his means he ought to have been able to secure the services of W. J. Bryan, Billy Sunday and two or three of New York's superfluous girl-and-music shows. *Metcalfe*.



Astor.—"Hit-the-Trail Holliday," by Mr. George M. Cohan and others. The humorous and money-making side of revivalism and prohibition set forth in a well-acted and laughable farcical comedy.

Bandbox.—The Washington Square Players giving in unique fashion four playlets, each drawn from the literature of a different nation.

Belasco.—"The Boomerang," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. Shows in a witty and very well presented comedy that even the practice of medicine has its humorous aspects.

Booth.—Mr. E. H. Sothorn as *Lord Dunderdrey* in "Our American Cousin." A new generation becoming acquainted with the fun of the impersonation made famous by the present star's father.

Candler.—"The House of Glass," by Max Marcin. Interesting and well-played drama having for its motive the police memory for criminals.

Casino.—"The Blue Paradise." Cheery little comic operetta made in Vienna, with an amusing book and tuneful score.

Century.—Closed.

Comedy.—"Hobson's Choice," by Mr. Harold Brighouse. Highly amusing and delightfully played comedy of small trade in Lancashire.

Cort.—"The Princess Pat," by Messrs. Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom. Comic operetta, American in book, score and setting. Bright and tuneful.

Eltinge.—"Fair and Warmer," by Mr. Avery Hopwood. A farce which starts with laughter, continues with laughter and ends with laughter.

Empire.—Last week of Maude Adams in "Peter Pan." See above.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Katinka," Musical piece by Friml and Hauerbach. See above.

Forty-eighth Street.—Julia Arthur in "The Eternal Magdalene," by Mr. Robert McLaughlin. A graphic and interesting dramatic discussion of the question of the outcast woman. Well done.

Fulton.—"Ruggles of Red Gap." See above.

Garden.—Mr. Emanuel Reicher and well-trained company in Gerhardt Hauptmann's graphic depiction of labor troubles, entitled "The Weavers."

Globe.—"Stop! Look! Listen!" with Gaby Deslys. See above.

Harris.—"The Devil's Garden." Notice later.

Hippodrome.—"Hip-Hip-Hooray." Spectacle of the usual Hippodrome bigness and more than usual brilliancy, including ballet, vaudeville and ice carnival.

Hudson.—"Bunny," by Mr. Austin Strong. Notice later.

Knickerbocker.—The Triangle moving pictures. Well-known legitimate actors starred in specially written picture plays.

Longacre.—"The Great Lover," by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton and Leo Ditrichstein. Comedy of grand-opera life, well written, interesting and excellently performed.

Lyceum.—"Our Mrs. McChesney." Edna Ferber's stories in dramatic form, with Ethel Barrymore as the lady drummer traveling in and selling petticoats. Diverting.

Lyric.—"Abe and Mawruss," by Montague Glass and R. C. Megrue. The firm of Potash and Perlmutter in more luxurious but still amusing circumstances.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Ware Case," by Mr. George Pleydell. An excellent cast headed by Mr. Lou-Telegen and Gladys Hanson, in a not impressive crime drama.

Playhouse.—Grace George in "Major Barbara," by Mr. George Bernard Shaw. A Shavian tract against preparedness, witty and admirably presented.

Princess.—"Very Good, Eddie." "Over Night" turned into musical farce. Notice later.

Punch and Judy.—"Treasure Island." Artistic and well-done staging of Stevenson's famous pirate story.

Republic.—"Common Clay," by Mr. Cleves Kinkead. Once more the question of the double standard of sex in interesting dramatic form, well played by good company.

Shubert.—"Alone at Last." Comic operetta by Lehar, with the music well sung and more pretentious than usual.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Unchastened Woman," by Mr. Louis Anspacher. Emily Stephens heading a good company in a well-acted drama purporting to picture some phases of New York life.

Winter Garden.—"The World of Pleasure." A large quantity of joy for the t. b. m. in the form of rag-time, chorus girls and general brilliancy of scenery and costumes.

Ziegfeld's Follies.—Midnight diversion of cabaret and vaudeville for the entertainment of those who prefer to sleep by daylight.



The Latest Books



IT isn't often that we have the fun of collecting in full, and with interest to date, a debt that has been written definitively off the books of our expectations and charged up to prophets and losses. Yet this is exactly what reading Arnold Bennett's history of the married lives of *Edwin Clayhanger* and *Hilda Lessways*—"These Twain" (Doran, \$1.50)—comes to after these years during which keen expectancy has dwindled through doubtful hope into the acceptance of default. But the fact merely adds a fillip to the enjoyment of a book that stands in need of no such boosting. For it is the authentic Bennett of the "Old Wives' Tale" and of "Clayhanger"—the magician Bennett who astoundingly draws the livingness of life out of its details, like rabbits from a hat—who portrays the tangled ludicrousness and lyricism of these tragicomic nuptials.

BENNETT is also out with a volume of war-impressions—"Over There" (Doran, \$1.25) it is called. There is nothing remarkable about it except a skilled, yet, as it were, unprofessional humanness which, when it crops out, gives us quick instants of very keen personal realization. Bennett is a trained and seasoned and unflusterable observer of himself as well as of men and things. And thus his barometric readings of his own emotions during his stay in France and during a personally conducted tour of the French front record with an effective and uninflated accuracy the homely, and often trivial, character of our real responsiveness in the face of overwhelming chaos and confusion.

JOHN G. NEIHARDT'S narrative poem, "The Song of Hugh Glass" (Macmillan, \$1.25), is a most interesting and, on the whole, successful attempt to give life and lucency to the lavish, crude heroism and the neglected or cheaply exploited romance of our early West by the compression and colorfulness of metrical form and poetic imagery. The upper Missouri River region during the ascendancy of the American Fur Company is the scene of the tale. An authentic and saga-worthy incident of the 1820's—the desertion of a wounded soldier-hunter by his comrades and his grim, inch-by-inch crawl across the wilderness, pursuing the mir-

age of vengeance—is its subject. And the author's occasional entanglements in his own verbiage are counterbalanced by a wealth of singing lines.

"WHITE TIGER" (Duffield, \$1.00), by Henry Milner Rideout, is the tale of a young American's film-studioish adventures in the tropic interior of a Dutch East Indian island, where an unconvincing genre-study of an uncle has incredibly sent him to minister to a debilitated tin mine. The mine turns out to be suffering from ghosts—the ghost of a white tiger. The ghost was of Chinese origin. The young man had had a Chinese chum at college. Drastic doses of coincidence thus effect a cure. And then that Providence that takes care of drunken men and American adventure stories tosses a lovely lady into a clearing in the jungle and all is forgotten except the wedding bells. *Prosit.*

EVERY dog has his day and sooner or later every author has his dog. Ian Hay—the nice Scotchman by the name of Beith who writes surreptitious fun with a perfectly straight face—has just had his in a little book called "Scally" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$.75). *Scally*—short for *Excalibur*—was a come-dog. It walked out of a pond, dragging the brick that had failed to



"WHAT MAKES YOU SO CONFIDENT THAT YOUR FOOTBALL TEAM WILL WIN?"

"OH, WE'VE GOT A CRACKERJACK COACH-DOG THIS YEAR."

drown it, straight into the author's family. And it grew up (as a dog would in the Hay household) into a "character," the solemnness of whose front to the world was lined with the ludicrous.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Future

TEACHER: What's the difference between a monarchy and a democracy?

PUPIL: They are just the same.

"Wrong."

"Well, teacher, they will be in another twenty years."



"A LIGHT SIX WITH A ROOMY, WELL UPHOLSTERED BODY"



"COME AN' STAND HERE, MOTHER. IT'S LOVELY AN' WARM"

Why Not Try Young-Jim?

THE Republicans seem to have as yet no handy candidate for President. If they want a complete contrast to Mr. Wilson, why not take Senator Young-Jim Wadsworth of New York? He is good of a kind that is pretty accurately the antithesis of the kind that Mr. Wilson is. He is young (thirty-nine), cheerful, robust, good-looking and able. He has good manners, good sporting standards, energy and a gift for dealing with men. He would probably make an excellent executive. Mr. Wilson writes his own speeches and takes advice about appointments. Mr. Wadsworth would probably make his own appointments and take advice about his speeches. He has lived as a rancher in Texas, and probably has interesting views about Mexico. He has been manager of a summer baseball nine, is a farmer by profession, and, being married to a daughter of John Hay, is connected with diplomacy.

It may be objected that to make him

President at forty would be to put too early a finish to a promising career. But a farmer (*vide* Cincinnatus) can always go back to farming! Besides, if a young President did well, the country might want to keep him along on the job for a much greater succession of terms than we have been used to. There are things which we are learning nowadays to be much more afraid of than extended terms for Presidents.

GREAT EDITOR (*white with rage*): Paper twenty minutes late! What do you mean by this?

ASSISTANT EDITOR: We had to run in the last installment of Betty Bodikin's article on the Rotter divorce case.

"Oh, well! Why didn't you say so? I thought you had held it up for news."

WANTED: Terminal facilities for William II and Franz Josef, including sidings for Constantine and Ferdinand.

Hands Off, Judge!

"Tell your client I should think she would feel proud to have her daughter enter the convent and give herself to God, when many other young women of her age and attractiveness are giving themselves over to seeking pleasure," said Justice Giegerich.—*N. Y. Sun*, Dec. 1, 1915.

WAS not Justice Giegerich exceeding the proper duties of his office in offering these remarks?

According to the story in the *Sun*, Mrs. Maria Bucellato applied for a writ of habeas corpus to get her twenty-year-old daughter Angelina out of the convent of the Sacred Heart. The daughter became a novice several months ago. The mother said the daughter had told her she wished to leave the convent. The daughter appeared at the hearing with two nuns and told her mother's attorney she had decided to remain in the convent.

Very well; but why should Justice Giegerich throw the influence of the powers entrusted to him by the State of New York to balk a parent in getting back her child? Is it his judicial duty to rebuke the reluctance of this Italian mother to have her daughter "give herself to God," with vows prospectively irrevocable, at the age of twenty?



Dentist (*absently*): SHE LOVES ME, SHE LOVES ME NOT

Fate

SOME flee their fate in quaking trepidation;

I am not of that uncourageous race;
Without the slightest hint of hesitation,
Mine I embrace.

My fate has Cupid lips and eyes the clearest;

(It is a libel to say fate is blind!)
And when my fate looks up and calls me "Dearest,"
I'm quite resigned!

Clinton Scollard.

Enter Prison Reform

FROM time immemorial Prison Reform has periodically entered upon a struggle to launch itself into the limelight. Recently, with the help of Mr. Osborne, it has been more or less successful. It is, at least, holding its own with Blood Pressure, Birth Control and Twilight Sleep. Almost any racing man would be willing to play it for a place.

We regret to say that our jails, considered as a permanent place of habitation, do not compare favorably with the Ritz-Carlton, the Waldorf, or the Pennsylvania Railroad Station. They are, in some respects, better than living in a Pullman; for instance, in the matter of air. But take them as a whole, they offer no particular inducements to anyone wishing for a refined home, with the benefits of Christian influences, in a good neighborhood.

People who go to jails do not possibly stop to consider this enough beforehand. So absorbed are they in trying to compete with plutocrats and financiers that they do not realize where their future place of residence may be.

Once landed in jail, after several years spent in the courts and newspapers, they naturally feel hurt to think that they should have been selected, among so many others who are equally deserving, to be thrown into contact with the jail wardens.

Almost any prisoner who is thrown into contact with a jail warden long enough becomes so hardened that it is useless to reclaim him.



THAT HE MIGHT HAVE MORE TIME TO WEIGH THE EVIDENCE, JUDGE NIBLICK
ADJOURNED COURT AT TEN O'CLOCK

As long as prisons exist they will be uninteresting. In this country, nobody cares what happens to a man after the power of advertising himself has been taken away from him.

Probably the best way, therefore, to reform the prisons is to abolish them. At present nobody knows why they exist. They do not succeed in making people any better, for the people who have been actively engaged in

their management have never been made any better by the contact with prisoners.

The prisoners themselves do not seem to be any better for having been in jail. A man who has been in Sing Sing, for example, say for ten years, gets to be about as narrow-minded and impossible as if, for the same time, he had been a member of the Union League or Metropolitan Clubs.

Harold and His Pa

"I SEE by the Current Events paper that Congress is in session, and I wish you would tell me, father, if Congress governs the country," said Harold one evening.

Harold's pa frowned slightly, as it was Monday evening and he was busily engaged in looking over the moving picture program for the coming week. Rapidly recovering his usual equanimity, however, he said:

"It might be better to say, my boy, that Congress tries to govern the country. I think I can give you a good illustration of that, Harold. Think of me as the common people of this household. I supply the income, but your mother is in session like Congress, and makes and passes all the important legislation."

Here Harold's father looked some-

what fearfully around, and lowering his voice, said:

"This is just between you and me, and you mustn't repeat it. But I want you to get a good idea of how our country is run, because this will help you later on to do your duty as a citizen of our liberty-loving land. Thinking of our little household as a country, therefore, me as the common people and your mother as Congress, you will carefully note, Harold, that Congress is sometimes impulsive—and hysterical. Oftentimes when I wish to get through any measure dear to my heart, I have to lobby a good deal and do, well, other things."

"What is lobbying, pa?"

"Well, you sit around and wait and see some of the most powerful interests and make bribes and use diplomacy."

"But, father, mother says you

never give her anything and you haven't any diplomacy at all."

"That's only her humorous way of talking, Harold."

"Then Congress is humorous, is it?"

"Well, not exactly that, Harold."

"And you said Congress tries to govern, but does mother only try to govern you?"

"My boy, you mustn't expect all similes to be exactly alike in every little detail. Congress—that is, the real Congress—tries to govern the country, but your mother, who is, as I have so clearly pointed out, our real Congress, actually does govern me and you."

"But, father, suppose you didn't want to be governed—what would happen?"

"The best thing to do under those circumstances, Harold, is to get a new Congress. That is the usual thing."

"Oh, I see, and is that what they

"A	FOOL	AND	HIS	MONEY	ARE	SOON	PARTED."	
"WALL	STREET	IS	NO	PLACE	FOR	A	POOR	MAN."
"COBBLER,	STICK	TO	YOUR	LAST."				
"A	BIRD	IN	THE	HAND	IS	WORTH	TWO	IN
THE	BUSH."							
"YOU	CAN'T	BEAT	A	MAN	AT	HIS	OWN	GAME."
"FOOLS	RUSH	IN	WHERE	ANGELS	FEAR	TO	TREAD."	
"THE	LOVE	OF	MONEY	IS	THE	ROOT	OF	ALL
EVIL."								
"A	GOOD	NAME	IS	RATHER	TO	BE	CHOSEN	THAN
GREAT	RICHES."							
"BETTING	IS	THE	FOOL'S	ARGUMENT."				
"A	SUCKER	IS	BORN	EVERY	MINUTE."			
"THE	HEIGHTS	BY	GREAT	MEN	REACHED	AND	KEPT	WERE
NOT	ATTAINED	BY	SUDDEN	FLIGHT."				
"A	FOOL'S	BOLT	IS	SOON	SHOT."			
"HE	IS	BROUGHT	AS	A	LAMB	TO	THE	SLAUGHTER."
"DILIGENCE	IS	THE	MOTHER	OF	GOOD	FORTUNE."		
"THE	WISE	MAN	PROFITS	FROM	THE	FOLLY	OF	OTHERS."
"TAKE	CARE	OF	THE	DINERS	AND	THE	DOLLARS	WILL
TAKE	CARE	OF	THEMSELVES."					
"WE	THRIVE	AT	WESTMINSTER		ON	FOOLS	LIKE	YOU."
"SUCH	PROTECTION	AS	VULTURES		GIVE	TO	LAMBS."	
"STOP,	LOOK,	AND	LISTEN."					
"SAFETY	FIRST!"							

"QUOTATIONS"



do in Washington, because the paper says this is a new Congress just convened?"

"Yes, my boy, in part. New Congressmen are coming in all the time and the old ones are going out. That happens because the common people are dissatisfied with the old ones and so Congress is being renewed all the time, little by little."

"Isn't that a splendid idea? Would you like to have mother renewed that way, and if she was, do you think, father, she would govern our little household any better or more completely than she does now?"

"I don't know. She might govern it better, Harold, but she couldn't very well govern it more completely."

At this moment there was a slight rustle in the hall, and as Harold's mother came in his father continued:

"But, after all, Harold, Congress with all of its infinitesimal faults contains the combined and concentrated wisdom of the whole country. It is undoubtedly extravagant, frequently rules by its impulses, is often hysterical, talks too much, takes itself too seriously, has no steady purpose; but it's the only real ruler we have, and we must, therefore, abide by its decisions."

"Who in the world are you talking about?" said Harold's mother.

Harold eyed his dear father.

"About Congress, mother," said Harold.

Arms and the Man

THE old Colonial style in female architecture appears to be coming back. Waists are growing larger. Smocked frocks have helped some, and it may be also that the influence of Turkey has had something to do with it. In Turkey only a girl with a large waist can excite the most exalted romance.

Probably, however, the real reason for the return of the large waist is deep down in the psychologic undercurrents of our racial existence. Men are becoming more coy all the time. They need extreme encouragement to make love. The large waist offers more inducement to the average man, who



MORAL

PRACTICE IN THE OPEN BEFORE BACKING INTO YOUR NICE NEW GARAGE.

should never be made to feel that he has thrown away an entire evening on a false alarm.

If they really come back, as now seems probable, large waists will be welcomed by a host of young men who have hitherto not had enough material to work with.

Sitting on the sofa with a girl with a waist about the size of an umbrella

rib, and endeavoring to extract any warmth from it on a cold winter evening, is a cheerless occupation.

"YES, sir, in case we were invaded your home would not be safe; your house might be destroyed, your wife and children—"

PACIFIST: Say no more; I'll call up my insurance agent at once.

The Theorist



1. "Oh, hang it! Blick, you have no right to be suffering from nerves. Just a few simple exercises every day will overcome all that."



2. "The dog has no nerve trouble, because, his body being near the ground, the pumping capacity of the heart is never overtaxed. Therefore, I always make a practice of walking on all fours for a few moments every now and then."



3. "When the arduous labors of the day are over, I take a hint from the horse, who seeks relaxation by rolling over on the greensward, deriving great benefit from the close contact with the soil."



4. "This exercise, taken by the mule, when excited or nervous, has a most soothing effect on the neurotic system, and should be indulged in at intervals."



5. "I am telling you this for your own good, Blick. Look at me! I haven't a nerve in my body, and my self-control, in consequence, is—"



6. "Save me! It's a man-eater!"

Interviews with Dead Celebrities

"ONE of the reasons why I haven't looked you up before—" I began.

"I know," he replied, "it's hardly worth while interviewing a man who has been dead so long as I have, and who, when he was alive, didn't try to reform anything or steal anything, spent a part of his old age in jail, divested a perfectly good lady of her jewels and set out to discover a country which was entirely different from what he thought it was." His tone was reproachful.

"I've been neglected," he continued. "Shamefully so. They didn't even name the place after me. I am one of those rare cases of man's being misunderstood both before and after death."

"My dear Columbus," I replied, politely, "you ought not to complain. Several public buildings and theatres have been named after you. Your iron monuments, if not exactly dotting the landscape, have, at least, a place in our gallery of sculptural horrors. An allegorical lady, who ranks at least with Phoebe Snow and the Sutherland sisters, has been named after you and is referred to occasionally by orators; and Washington Irving wrote you up. Besides, I intend to advertise you. I have come to get your impressions of America."

He smiled sadly.

"Ah! Little did I think," he mused, "when I leaned over the side on that fatal day and, gathering up a bunch of seaweed, knew that we were approaching land, that I should be the cause of Henry Ford, Hearst, the Colonel, Kansas whiskers, Kentucky whiskey, professional humorists, eugenics, Broadway plays, Billy Sunday, LIFE's Short Story Contest, Congress, child labor, adulterated best sellers and the kangaroo flop. It's pretty bad, isn't it?"

"It might be worse," I added, sympathetically. "You know the prospect of Bryan running for the presidency again is rather slim."

His eye brightened. But when he spoke again his voice was softer than before.

"Tell me honestly," he said, as they

say it in Albany, "do you consider that I am responsible for all this? God knows I suffered enough—"

"Christopher!" I exclaimed, sternly. "Don't! You couldn't help it. You didn't know what was coming. Besides, if you hadn't, someone else would have undoubtedly discovered us. We had to be discovered. Be a philosopher."

"I will!" he cried. Then he turned to me with a note of triumph.

"It's this way," he whispered. "North America had to be afflicted with the Anglo-Saxons—and others. She had to assimilate all of those things and more, and she has got to get them out of her system."

"How long do you think it will take?"

"Perhaps until the Germans come," he said.

"SHE believes everything she is told, doesn't she?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, that woman would even believe a letter of recommendation."

Gyroscopic

THE United States, properly trained and equipped, may hope to be the regulating weight on the pendulum of Europe.

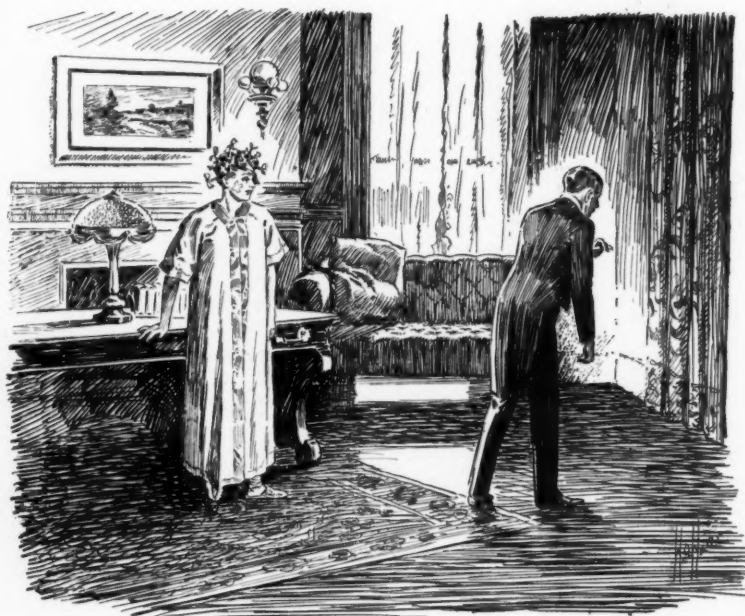
That preparedness in this country might lead to clashes with Europe is often suggested. Much less attention is paid to the possible usefulness of a strong, trained United States as a factor in keeping the peace of Europe.

Interesting Objects

A WAITER in a smart New York restaurant, in the act of receiving a ten-cent tip from a Utica man and his wife and three children, after a six-dollar dinner.

A Republican Congressman explaining to his constituents why he was unable, during the last session, to get the present tariff bill repealed in favor of one he had drawn himself.

A man who was staying at the same resort with a celebrated New York surgeon, and who, suddenly taken with appendicitis, was operated on by that surgeon, in the act of opening the bill "for services rendered" two months later at breakfast.



TRUE KINDNESS

WHEN YOU REFUSE HIM APPEAR AS UNATTRACTIVE AS POSSIBLE

Become Wonderful in Health—Wonderful in Vitality and Wonderful in Efficiency for Your Own Advantage Through Conscious Evolution.



Cells are wonderful beings. They are the creators of the plants, the trees, the fruit, the vegetables. They create the corn, the wheat, the apples. They are the creators of the rose, the lily, the violet and other flowers—they are the creators of everything living in the sea—they are the constructors of whales, sharks, porpoises and all fish. Through the activity of cells, the coral beds of the ocean are made. They are the creators of all animal life—they are the creators of you. They create your organs and the foundation of your mind.

Billions of cells are within your body working for you. They are remaking your heart, your lungs, your nerves, your digestive system, your muscles, your brain—in fact, they are busy constantly reconstructing your entire body. You will be a better human machine—possess a better body and mind if you cultivate these cells—if, in other words, you give your cells greater energy and a greater opportunity as well as a better and more persistent reason for improving every tissue, every organ and every part of your body.

Is not corn better when cultivated? Does not the farmer improve his wheat through cultivation? Is not fruit improved through culture? Are not flowers made more beautiful through conscious effort? Do we not have better horses and even better pigs through cultivation?

Since all of these things are true, it is also true and much more important that you can easily make yourself better through improving the individual units or cells of the body.

The Swoboda System, through applying the principle of Evolution to the cells of the body, produces new human beings, new and better hearts, new and better lungs, new and better organs, new and better nerves, new and better brains, and, therefore, keener and more efficient mind.

My new copyrighted book explains the Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution and the human body as it has never been explained before.

It also explains my new and unique theory of the body and mind. It will startle, educate and enlighten you.

My book tells in a highly interesting and simple manner just what you, as an intelligent human being, have, no doubt, always wanted to know about your body and your mind.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind. It shows how you may be able to obtain a superior life; it explains how you may make use of natural laws for your own advantage.

My book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through conscious evolution of your cells; it explains my discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which I have discovered and which I disclose in my book. It tells what Conscious Evolution means and what it may do for you. It also explains the DANGERS and AFTER EFFECTS OF EXERCISE and EXCESSIVE DEEP BREATHING.

My book explains the cause of HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE and HARDENING OF THE ARTERIES, as well as OLD AGE conditions, and how to overcome them.

I offer my system on a basis which makes it impossible for anyone to lose a single penny. My guarantee is startling, specific, fraud-proof, and just as any honest person would naturally desire it to be.

Write for my FREE BOOK and full particulars today before it slips your mind. Make up your mind to at least learn the facts concerning the SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION for men and women.

If you have reached your present stage of evolution without conscious effort, consider what your possibilities are through an intelligent and conscious use of the principles of evolution. My booklet will make you think.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 1342 Aeolian Building, New York City, N. Y.

What is said of the Swoboda System, no doubt, sounds too good to be true. Swoboda, however, has a proposition of which you should know and which will, no doubt, prove to you that nothing said about Conscious and Creative Evolution in LIFE is too good to be true.

What Others Have to Say:

"One year ago I was an old man at forty; today I am a youth at forty-one."
"I must state that the principle of your system is the most scientific, and at the same time the simplest, I have ever heard. You do not misrepresent one single word in your advertising."

"Just think of it, five weeks ago I was ashamed of my physique; today I am almost proud of it. I am delighted with Conscious Evolution."

"Fourteen years ago at the age of 68 I was an old man; today at the age of 82 I am the marvel of my friends; I am younger than most men at 40. Your system gave me a new lease on life."

"Last week I had a reading of my blood pressure, and was gratified to learn that it was fully ten points below the previous reading. This was a surprise to me as well as to my physician, who did not believe that my blood pressure could be reduced because of my advanced age."

"Doctors told me I had hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure. They advised me against exercise. Conscious Evolution reduced my blood pressure and made a new man of me."

"The beauty of your whole advertisement is that every word of it is the truth. Your system is the most wonderful in the world; it gave me new energy, strength and life; in other words, it made a new man of me. I have been an advocate of your system since the first day I used it; I have withstood a mental strain during the past year which would have broken my health had it not been for your system."

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."

"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I cannot recommend your system too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country."

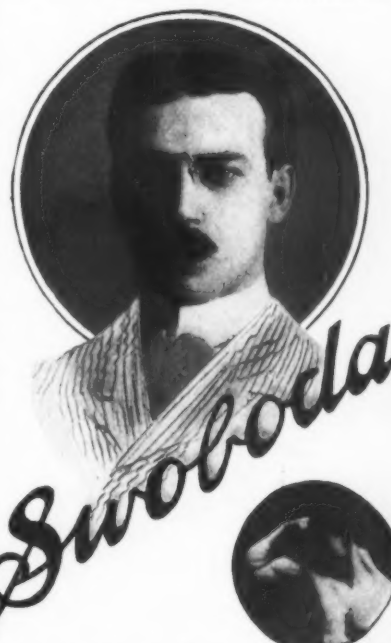
"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"Your system developed me most wonderfully."

"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

"You know more about the human body than any man with whom I have ever come in contact personally or otherwise."





A Mistake Somewhere

A helpful friend recently requested us to write a funny piece about a game we used to play in boyhood's glad days, called "Hiding in the Barn." He alleged that part of the gang hid and the rest searched for them, and when they were found all hands jumped and yelled most gleefully. This, he tried to remind us, was very, very funny. Either our memory is failing or we have lost our sense of humor, for as we recollect it, our father did the hiding and we jumped and yelled. And it does not seem amusing to us, even yet.—*Kansas City Star.*

Ups and Downs

"I hope your constituents appreciate the value of your patriotic services," said the prominent citizen.

"I don't know that I care to make it a question of actual value," replied Senator Sorghum. "The market for patriotic services is terribly fluctuating."

—*Washington Star.*

"I WANT a pair of pants for my sick husband," exclaimed the woman.

"What size?" asked the clerk.

"I don't know, but I think he wears a 14½ collar."

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*



WINTER SPORTS

HE (as the team goes by): Look! There goes Ruggles, the halfback. He'll soon be our best man.

SHE: Oh, Jack! This is so sudden.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A Strategist

Two youngsters, one the possessor of a permit, were fishing on a certain estate when a gamekeeper suddenly darted from a thicket. The lad with the permit uttered a cry of fright, dropped his rod and ran off at top speed. The gamekeeper was led a swift chase. Then, worn out, the boy halted. The man seized him by the arm and said between pants: "Have you a permit to fish on this estate?"

"Yes, to be sure," said the boy quietly.

"You have? Then show it to me."

The boy drew the permit from his pocket. The man examined it and frowned in perplexity and anger.

"Why did you run when you had this permit?" he asked.

"To let the other boy get away," was the reply. "He didn't have none."

—*Argonaut.*

No Change in Shylock

An old woman who lived in the country recently visited some friends in the city. During her stay she was taken to see "The Merchant of Venice," a play she had witnessed more than thirty years before, and which she had always had a strong desire to see again. Calling next day, a friend asked her how the previous night's performance compared with that of thirty years ago.

"Well," she replied, "Venice seems to have smartened up a bit, but that Shylock is the same mean, grasping creature that he used to be."—*Vancouver World.*

PEACE-SHIPS rush in where dread-noughts fear to tread.—*Washington Post.*

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Learn wrestling, self-defense, jiu jitsu. Let Farmer Burns, Mgr. Frank Gotch, World's Champion, teach you. Makes you strong, healthy and skillful. Fine book showing great holds and tricks by Burns and Gotch. Write today—immediately—giving your age. Farmer Burns School of Wrestling 2401 Range Bldg. Omaha

The pleasure of living lies in using good things *moderately*.

It is thus with eating, with drinking, with playing, with working, with *everything*.

And it is for the man who knows well the benefits of moderation that we make a wonderfully mild and mellow Whiskey and put it in Non-Refillable Bottles—**Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!**

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 13 E. 31st St., N.Y. That's All!



"Buyers

at the Automobile Show will want to know about the Bearings that are in the cars," said the engineer to the automobile manufacturer.

"This is an important question — they *should* know.

"The Ball type of Bearing has proven itself a remarkable eliminator of friction by saving wear and thereby increasing the life and efficiency of the car's entire mechanism. Furthermore, by conquering friction the Ball Bearing economizes every operating and upkeep expenditure.

"For the past two years we have been using

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

continued the engineer. "We have found them absolutely uniform in all quality essentials, and of unvarying perfection of material and precision of physical dimensions.

"As a manufacturer you will appreciate this. Listen—when I visited their great factory at Bristol, Connecticut, I learned some things that astounded me.

"The New Departure Mfg. Co. have established a truly wonderful system of exact inspection. For instance, over 12,000 different and most delicate gauges are used in the manufacture of these Bearings, which literally means a practice of precision more accurate than watchwork.

"The New Departure Manufacturing Company place the broadest and most liberal warranty ever given on a motor car component.

"As an engineer I believe it profitable that every prospective purchaser of an automobile should see to it that the car he buys is equipped with Bearings that save the power and the wear and reduce the operating cost of his machine. The Company publish a booklet which every man interested in automobiles should read. I suggest you write for it. Ask for Booklet 'F'.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MFG. CO.

Conrad Patent Licensee

Main Office and Works, Bristol, Conn.

Hartford Division,
Hartford, Connecticut.

Western Branch,
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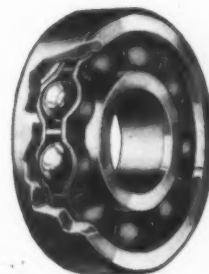
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New Departure Double Row Type

A single, self-contained, "fool-proof" unit carrying *all* the loads and stresses simultaneously from *whatever* direction they may come, with equal efficiency, and reducing friction to the vanishing point.



New Departure Single Row Type

A highly perfected anti-friction Bearing for use where radial loads only are to be carried.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Discipline

A certain woman demands instant and unquestioning obedience from her children. One afternoon a storm came up and she sent her little son John to close the trap leading to the flat roof of the house.

"But, mother," began John.

"John, I told you to shut the trap!"

"Yes, but mother—"

"John, shut that trap!"

"All right, mother, if you say so—but—"

"John!"

Whereupon John slowly climbed the stairs and shut the trap. Two hours later the family gathered for dinner, but Aunt Mary, who was staying with the mother, did not appear. The mother did not have to ask many questions. John answered the first one.

"Mother, she is on the roof."

—New York Times.

A Sherbet is made tasty and delightful by using Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. (C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"So YOUR son's in college, eh? Burning the midnight oil, I s'pose?"

"Well—er—yes; but I've an idea—er—that it's gasoline."

—St. Patrick's Monthly Calendar.

"I SEE you are presenting 'Hamlet' to the public this week."

"Presenting is the right word," assented the manager. "Nothing but dead-heads in the house."

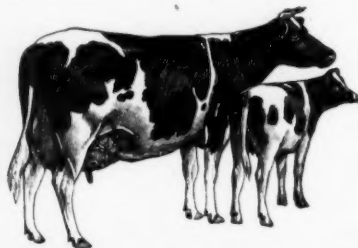
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Holstein Cows' Milk and the Public Health

In conserving the public health, first attention should be paid to the welfare of the babies of to-day—the fathers and mothers of to-morrow. Infants should, at the threshold of life, be given food which will insure strong, robust bodies. Holstein cows' milk comes nearer in fineness to the emulsion in mothers' milk than that of any other breed of cows. Its fat content also contains a less amount of objectionable volatile glycerides, so pronounced in the milk of other breeds.

Eminent specialists agree that the purebred Holstein cows' milk with its small, easily digested fat globules is in many cases the only quality which the infant stomach will retain. Holstein cows' milk is nourishing and many infants thrive upon it who cannot digest the heavy, large fat globules in milk given by other breeds.

Ask your milkman for Holstein cows' milk. If he fails to provide you send us his name and we will try to secure a supply for you. Send for our new free illustrated booklet, "The Story of Holstein Milk."



HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
F. L. HOUGHTON, Secretary
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EGYPTIAN DEITIES

The Utmost in Cigarettes
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture, refinement and education invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette.

25¢

Anagyrosc

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

Keeping It Dark

All the passengers in the railway carriage, with one exception, wore some form of war badge. A stranger only was undecorated. A fussy badge-wearer remarked:

"I see, sir, that you are the only one not engaged in some form of war work."

"I prefer to be quite unostentatious about what I do."

"What is your war work?" continued the inquisitive one.

"Sir, I am a German spy; but I do not care to make my occupation too public."—Manchester Guardian.

BACARDI Makes The Perfect Cocktail, Rickey or Highball. Try It!

The Scheme Never Works

At one of those large affairs in a studio a guest went up to his host and asked for an introduction to the woman in pink.

"Why, certainly, I'd introduce you to her in a moment, but I can't remember her name."

"Her name is Miss Smythe."

"Come along then. Er—by the way, what's your name?"

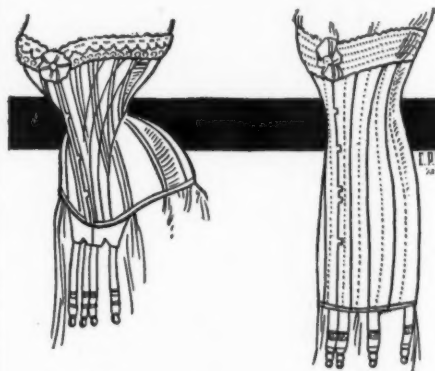
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

BROAD: By the way, old man, do you remember borrowing ten dollars from me six months ago?

SHORT: Yes.

BROAD: But you said you only wanted it for a short time.

SHORT: And I told the truth. I didn't keep it twenty minutes.—New York Sun.



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Full Information from

CUNARD LINE, 24 State St., N.Y.

In a Garden

(Continued from page 16)

She stopped—a sudden flush of rose and gleam of white—and dropped by his side again.

"And every night," she went on, as though there had been no interruption, "we say our creed: 'I believe in beauty—all the beauty that ever has been and ever will be in the world. And I will worship and serve it with the highest there is in me—always.'"

He could not speak at first. Then finally, unevenly: "I can't presume to praise your theory of life, Athena—any more than I could your dancing. Thank you for them both."

She put her hand on his knee, looking at him, whitely, a little wildly.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Dick," he answered, as simply as she had told him hers.

"I should like to marry you—Dick."

He stared at her.

"So you include marriage—in your scheme of life?" he said dully.

"Yes. Hellenia says our marriage laws are terrible, but, while there is no substitute, if we love terribly it is right to marry. I want to marry you, Dick—to be with you always, and take the tired look away from your eyes."

"Child!" he cried. "You don't know me!"

"It doesn't matter," she told him,

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Try HINDS Honey and
Almond Cream SOAP,
10c and 25c. Trial cake,
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quaintly. "Love often comes this way."

He took her hand against his cheek.

"Dear," he said, "I am thirty-five—a pretty world-stained and world-weary creature. Your radiant youth was given you for a better man than I am."

"I love you, Dick. I have never loved before."

"Athena, I am . . . going to marry . . . someone else."

She trembled against him.

"Someone you love?" she cried.
"Dick, someone you love as you could love me? Is she as young and beautiful? Could she amuse you, and care for you, and adore you always—always, as I would?"

"Athena," he said, slowly, "there is no one like you . . . in the world. I love this . . . other girl in my own way. Not as you should be loved, but I'm not fit for such love as that. I can't marry you. Athena—dear—don't make it too hard."



"MY GOOD MAN, DID YOU EVER STOP TO
THINK—"
"CAN'T DO IT, BOSS. HAVE TO KEEP
MOVIN' TO KEEP FROM FREEZIN'."



*Is Your
Skin
Rough
and
Tender*

these cold days?

Pears' Glycerine Soap

known to the trade as *Pears' Scented Soap* will save you this discomfort. Use this pure, refreshing soap every day and avoid the chapping and redness caused by keen, biting wind. Pears helps to retain the freshness of the complexion in raw, damp weather.

Pears' Glycerine Soap is more than a mere cleansing agent. It completely frees the pores of impurities—which are the usual cause of skin troubles—and promotes a natural, healthy condition of the skin.

At the same time the gentle, soothing effect of the *glycerine soap* allays the irritation and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Use Pears' Glycerine Soap faithfully with plenty of hot water—rinsing with cold—drying the skin thoroughly, and you will have no need for cosmetics. Use Pears' Glycerine Soap throughout the entire winter.

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*The Largest Manufacturers of High
Grade Toilet Soaps in the World*

Walter Janvier, U. S. Agent, 507 Canal Street, New York City

She sat, silent.
Then: "Dick—would you—kiss me?"
He took her gently in his arms.
In the distance people were moving.
There was a rustle and a chatter. He let her go, suddenly.
"Good-bye—dear," he said.
"Good-bye—Dick," she answered, dully.
Once he turned back and saw her—drooping, rose-white against the old gray fountain.

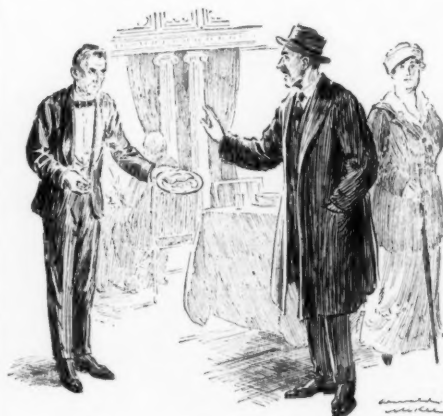
From the gay group ahead Laura detached herself, ruffled and fluttering.
"You're late enough," she greeted him.
"Yes," he said. Then, with an effort: "Have you seen the—Morris Dancers?"
"Oh, yes; we all did. I think they're rather disgusting—so few clothes and so much throwing themselves about; don't you?"
"You forget," he answered, slowly, that I have just arrived."

Fairy Stories Continued

Mrs. Blue Beard and Her Husband

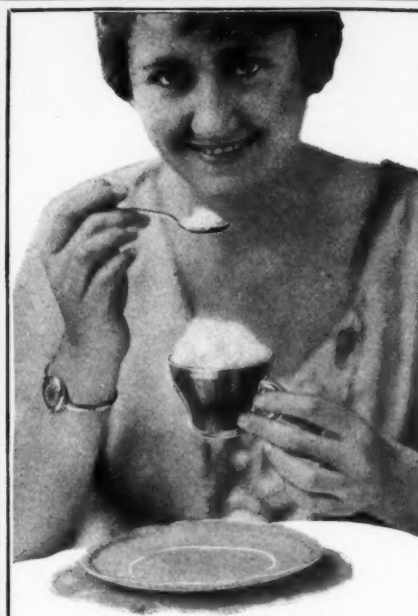
WE left Mrs. Blue Beard, it will be remembered, living quietly on her late husband's estate, and married all over again to a noble young gentleman who came with the best references and who was supposed to have a placid disposition and a taste for farming. Unfortunately, however, a few weeks after the regular story ended, a trolley was put up which ran directly in front of the estate and straight into town; also a moving-picture show only two squares off; and a *Thé Dansant* was started on the roof of the village inn.

Inside of three weeks, Mrs. Blue Beard and her new husband gave up agriculture for the Bunny Hug and the Castle Walk. They spent their week-ends on the Great White Way. Hubby number two bought New Haven stock on a margin for a rise and got rid of the rest of Blue Beard's hard-earned wealth by checking his hat too often while trying to obtain nourishment in Fifth Avenue restaurants, while Mrs. Blue Beard went crazy listening to the music. When last seen they were both taking the leading parts in a road comic opera.



Waiter (having received the exact amount of the check): HAVEN'T YOU FORGOTTEN SOMETHING, SIR?

"NO! IT'S GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN."



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STARTING-LIGHTING-IGNITION

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*Enger
*Federal
*F. I. A. T.
*Glide
*Gramm-Bernstein
*Gramm M. T.

*Halladay
*Hupmobile
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*Michigan Hearse
*Mitchell
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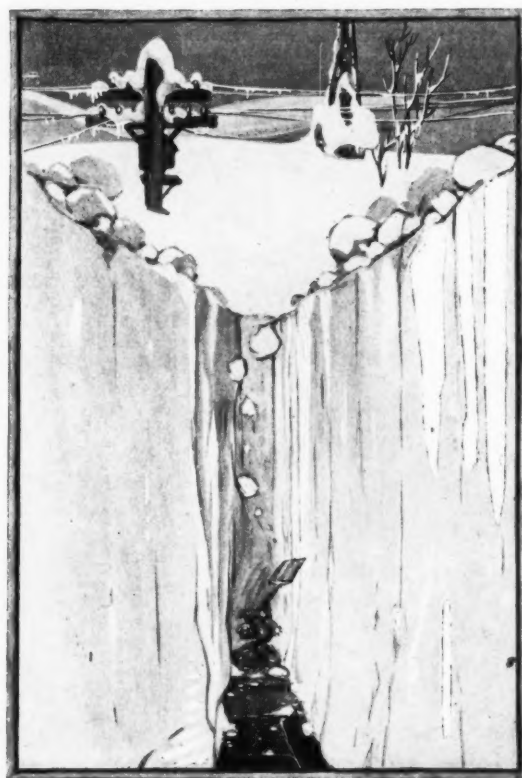
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 TO PLAY



"SAY, SONNY, WHICH IS THE SHORTEST WAY TO THE NEW YORK FERRY?"
 "RIGHT OVER THE CLIFF, MISTER."

An Interview

"WHAT years have you got?"

Thinking to forestall our more or less genial old friend, Father Time, by calling upon him in his own home and literally taking the old gentleman by the forelock, we presented ourselves before him early one morning in December.

He looked up from a rather pretentious new calendar he was fashioning with a grim smile.

"For private use?" he asked. "Young man, I can't be bribed. You'll have to take the same year that the rest get. If I should attempt—"

Here he got up and began, in an agitated manner, to walk the floor.

"If I should attempt," he repeated at last, "to answer all the foolish complaints to make individual years to or-

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a friend to tender skins

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To use Resinol Soap for the toilet is usually to make sure that one's complexion will come through the cold weather unharmed, and that the hands will be kept free from redness, roughness and chapping.

If lack of proper care *should* result in painful and unsightly chapping, a little Resinol Ointment will generally afford complete relief.

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King George IV
 WHISKY
 The "TOP-NOTCH" Scotch
 Non-refillable bottle

der for everyone—well, where would I be? There's no money in this year business, anyway."

"Why put it on a cheap commercial basis?" I urged. "We don't expect you to furnish a year to suit everybody, but think, my dear sir, of the last awful one you handed out to us! War, blood, poverty, disasters—why, I simply can't dwell upon it. At the risk of incurring your permanent displeasure, therefore, I am calling

upon you to know if you cannot do better next time. If you have any respect for the human race, for heaven's sake give us a halfway decent nineteen hundred and sixteen."

At this he fairly snorted with rage. "Respect for the human race!" he exclaimed. "And what respect has the human race for me, I should like to know? Aren't they for constantly killing me, without any let up?"

"Have you never heard, Father," I

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suggests:

that before you spend a penny on your new clothes, before you even plan your wardrobe, you consult its great Spring and Summer Fashion numbers! Beginning with the

LINGERIE NUMBER*

and continuing for six months (twelve numbers—see list below) you will receive the most complete presentation of styles ever offered American women. During the very period when these numbers appear you will be selecting your Spring and Summer wardrobe and paying hundreds of dollars for the suits, gowns, etc., you select.

The gown you buy and never wear is the really expensive gown! Gloves, boots, hats, that miss being exactly what you want, are * ones that cost more than you can afford!

**\$2 Invested in Vogue
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Vogue is a beautifully illustrated magazine; the acknowledged authority on what is worn by well-dressed American women. Here are your twelve numbers (and one extra):

Lingerie Number, January 1*

The very first murmurings of the coming mode

Motor and Southern	Jan. 15	Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes	Apr. 15
Hints of Spring and Summer fashions shown in clothes designed for the South		First aid to the fashionable woman of not unlimited means	
Forecast of Spring Fashions	Feb. 1	Brides and Summer Homes	May 1
The earliest and most authentic forecast of the Spring mode		A journey "thro' pleasures and palaces." News for the bride	
Spring Millinery	Feb. 15	American Travel	May 15
The newest models in smart hats, veils and coiffures		Places in our own country well worth a visit at least	
Spring Patterns and New Materials	Mar. 1	Summer Fashions	June 1
Working models for one's whole Spring and Summer wardrobe		The final showing of the Summer modes that will be	
Paris Openings	Mar. 15	In the Country	June 15
The complete story of the Paris openings establishing the mode		Society takes to sports and life in the open	
Spring Fashions	Apr. 1	Hot Weather Fashions	July 1
The last word on spring gowns, waists and accessories		The correct wardrobe for all outdoor sports	

"Nine out of ten women copy what the tenth does;
the tenth is a reader of VOGUE"



*OUR SPECIAL OFFER

THE Lingerie Number is already on the newsstands. If you enclose the \$2 with the coupon below, we will send you, with our compliments, this earliest and most authentic forecast of the Spring mode, making thirteen numbers instead of twelve.

Or, if more convenient, send coupon without money. Your subscription will then start with the Motor and Southern Number, and continue through the next eleven numbers.

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Send me twelve numbers of Vogue, beginning with the Motor and Southern Number, and I will remit \$2 on receipt of bill February 1st.
(OR) I enclose \$2 herewith and shall expect thirteen numbers of Vogue, beginning with the Lingerie Number.

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replied softly, "of the great admonition, 'Do good to your enemies'? And, besides, you malign us. It is true that a proportion of us treat you very badly, display no regard for you and waste you shamefully, but you forget there are quite a number of us who deal gently with you. Now, sir, can't you get up a special nineteen-hundred-and-sixteen, just for our particular benefit?"

He shook his hoary head.

"It wouldn't do," he said, in a mollified voice. "I must chasten every one of you equally. I try to average it all up."

Then I thought I had him.

"But, ah!" I cried, "that's the point! You *do* discriminate. Some you treat better than others. Your partiality is what I am complaining of. I want—"

He got up and opened the door. I saw that the interview was over, so I rose before he might destroy me.

"Go," he said quietly. "But let me say this to you, my friend. I am the most misunderstood man in Christendom. If you knew anything—which you don't—you would see that every new year I get up for this fault-finding race is the same for all. It's only the different ways in which you receive it that make it seem different."

And as I hastened into my biplane I heard him cry:



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THERE WAS once a rich but very mean old lady who paid her servants as little as possible, and kept very few.

One of her staff was a thin, miserable-looking lad of twelve, who answered the door, did the knives and the windows, waited at table, weeded the garden, washed the poodle, and had the rest of the time to himself.

One visitor asked him: "Well, my boy, and what do you do here?"

"I do a butler and a gardener out of a job!" snapped the lad, sourly.

—Tit-Bits.



"WHY, MR. LIGHTLY, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU CARED FOR TENNIS."

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Send me free and without obligation on my part your book "Where's the Money Coming From?" also particulars about your Course in Efficiency, and "Story of Emerson."

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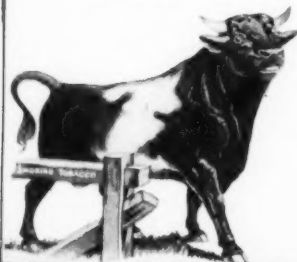
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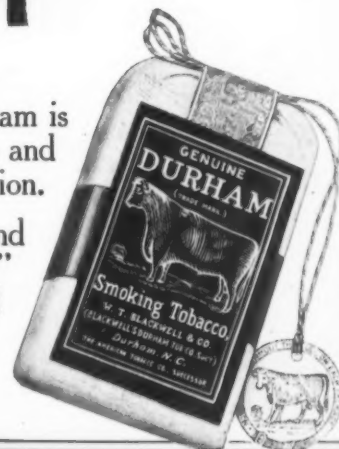
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Made of rich, ripe Virginia-North Carolina leaf, "Bull" Durham is the mildest, most enjoyable tobacco in the world. Its unique aroma and pleasing flavor give you wholesome, lasting satisfaction.

No other cigarette can be so full of life and youthful vigor as a fresh-rolled cigarette of "Bull" Durham. "Roll your own" with "Bull" and you'll discover a new joy in smoking.



THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY



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"Story of

Victor Record
of "Lo, Here the
Gentle Lark"
sung by Melba



Melba



© Broothorn

Both are Melba

The Victor Record of Melba's voice is just as truly Melba as Melba herself.

To hear Melba on the Victrola is as thrilling as hearing her on the concert or operatic stage.

Both ways you actually hear Melba, with all the wonderful power and brilliancy, the captivating ease of execution, the warmth and beauty of voice, which make the famous diva the beloved of three continents.

The proof is in the hearing. Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play for you any of the thirty Melba records, or Victor Records by any other of the world's greatest artists.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$400.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—
the combination. There is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.

Victrola



New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month